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To-day we print the second article on the War by “Vieille Moustache”, an expert with special sources of information and an officer of very high standing and great experience in active service. This feature will be continued in the SATURDAY REVIEW from week to week.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is before all things necessary to see the events of this week in right perspective. For twelve days two great armies have been mobilising on a frontier reaching from Belfort to Liège. We have to imagine a battle front of 300 miles and of two million men in arms. The decisive encounter between these armies has yet to come. The tremendous issue still hangs in the balance. All that we have heard this week of encounters between Germans and Belgians, between Germans and French, are, in a purely military sense, straws merely. The defence of Liège, the theme of a week ago, must be looked on as an incident. It is an important incident in its military value and effect; but it must not be regarded as in any sense decisive. We cannot yet foretell the grand military issue.

We do not think it necessary to warn our own readers against a spirit and attitude of over-confidence about the war; but there is in London, and no doubt outside London too, a somewhat light-headed body of people who, depressed when the war began and rather scared by the prospects of scarcity and dearness of food, etc., now tend to be elated. Every announcement or hint of German repulse, retreat, surprise, and so on heartens them; and as a result there is a good deal of the “killing-Kruger-with-the-mouth” bravado and cheerfulness—sometimes perilously allied to tipsiness—which was remarked thirteen or fourteen years ago. All this is foolish and unwise. It is a reaction of a bad character altogether. It is levity, and levity is a disgusting thing at a time of great gravity like to-day. All knowledge and commonsense urge that an immense task is in front of Europe and of Great Britain, and that the strain has only just begun in earnest.

Morally, however, the defence of Liège is, in sober truth, a great event. It is splendid history, indelibly written so long as this war is remembered. Where most the German plan rested upon an assurance that German might was irresistible, German might was foiled of its aim. At Liège the Prussian challenge was first met and countered. Here first it was suggested that the policy of “hacking through” might break upon spiritual forces of which it had taken no account. This is the real and indestructible importance of the fighting on the Meuse. Belgium, strong in patriotism and in the sense of her right, has stayed the German advance and put in peril the German plan of campaign.

From the purely military point of view it is deeply satisfying that for twelve days the French and the Allies have had time to come together in force behind the covering operations of their advance guards. The Germans have failed of their surprise. Checked and hindered at every stage of their advance, they have now to fight an enemy formally prepared to meet them. As the military correspondent of the “Times” has pointed out, Germany has failed to reap her advantage of the *attaque brusquée*. Not a German soldier is in France, and the French Army is on the frontier.

The war by land has this week been a tale of small encounters between outposts of the two great armies. The two chief points of collision have been near Liège, on the line of the Meuse, where the Germans are still struggling forward; and at Alsace, where the French penetrated last Saturday to Mulhausen. Liège was occupied by the Germans during the week-end; but the main forts are still untaken. The Germans, not being able to afford time for their reduction, have pushed on towards Namur. They had no choice but to advance. On Tuesday they were again checked in this district at Tirlemont, where their cavalry came into sharp conflict with the Belgian Lancers; and on Wednesday there were further encounters at Haelen and Eghezee. The Belgians were again successful; but it is hardly wise to describe these operations as “battles” and “victories”. Again we must insist that these manoeuvres are all preliminary.

The other important movement, the movement in Alsace, was carefully described on Monday by the French Ministry of War as an affair of outposts—a fight with only one division upon either side. Nevertheless, this brilliant and energetic offensive in a province associated with bitter memories for the soldiers of France was of great moral value; and General Joffre was suitably congratulated by the authorities. Many scattered engagements have been reported in this southern area, all tending to show that the French are here excellently covering the formation of their line. Meantime, behind the noise and warfare of the immediate frontier, there has, day by day, quietly proceeded the slow, silent massing of the great armies.

The war by sea has consisted, so far as we know, in a complete assertion of our naval supremacy. The Admiralty has been able to proclaim that British commerce is, within reason, safe. The Atlantic is vigilantly watched; and in the Mediterranean the "Goeben" and "Breslau" have been driven into the Dardanelles, where the Turkish Government has confiscated them by purchase. Whereas British commerce is set free, German commerce is being relentlessly driven from the water. The most striking event of the week was the sinking of a German submarine by H.M.S. "Birmingham".

Diplomatic history, so rapid and complex a week ago, has virtually ceased. Diplomatically we have this week merely accepted the consequences of events already past. Portugal ranges herself with Great Britain. Montenegro has come into the fight, proclaiming that she stands with Russia. Bulgaria persists in her neutrality. France proclaimed herself at war with Austria on Monday; Great Britain proclaimed herself at war with Austria on Wednesday. These proclamations cleared away some of the anomalies of the diplomatic position. At the beginning of the week Great Britain and France were officially at war with Germany alone—an obviously absurd position in view of the fact that Austrian troops were actually facing French troops on the battlefield. Meantime, Japan has sent some warships to sea. The policy and conduct of Japan is an interesting fact of the war. It is fully discussed on another page of this REVIEW.

The attitude of the United States towards the European War, watchful and strictly neutral, is very important. The trade question, of course, profoundly affects the American people, and there are other points not to be lost sight of. We hope to go more fully into this matter next week than we have been able to do so far: also to deal through inner sources with the position of Italy. It would be idle to try to rush Italy into the war; and indeed we are not at all sure that, even could it be done, it would be wise. But the attitude of Italy, as the writer of "The Great War" shows in another part of the REVIEW, is markedly affecting the disposition of the armies to-day.

On Tuesday we noticed that the "Daily News" printed this statement by a contributor:—"If it had suited us to accept that proposal [i.e., the proposal of Germany that we should strike a bargain with Germany suffering her to violate the neutrality of Belgium] we could have found plenty of reasons for accepting it no more infamous than the diplomatic reasons we have given in the past for courses which happened to be convenient to us". That we are bound to characterise as a piece of revolting levity. This kind of thing in an English newspaper may not do much harm except among the very stupid and very credulous. But if it is quoted in Germany or in any foreign country it does real harm, where the expressions of self-advertising folly often pass for public opinion.

We assure the "Daily News" that if we thought for a moment that Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith would play with a proposal so base and dishonourable

as that one, we should have no heart or disposition to follow them in the matter of this war. Is the "Daily News"—read by thousands of religious Nonconformists—taking leave of its senses that it should print prominently such an affront not only to its own leaders, but to patriotic and decent feeling in the country? Does it indeed think that Sir Edward Grey would fling over sacred, binding pledges made by his country, and made through the greatest Liberal leader of modern times, Mr. Gladstone, and strike a thieves' bargain with Germany over Belgium and France? It is incredible to us it can hold this opinion. Why, then, does it allow its writers to air such views in the most observed part of its columns? We repeat that this statement about the honour of English diplomacy and statesmanship is one of revolting levity.

Meantime let us read the German Chancellor's justification of the war—the appeal to arms of Dr. Bethmann Hollweg. It shows us a people starting upon war with wrong admitted, confessed. "Our troops", he told the Reichstag, on 4 August, "have occupied Luxemburg, and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law. . . . The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. Anybody who is threatened, as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions can have only one thought—*how he is to hack his way through*."

Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. Twenty-four hours before the German Chancellor made this statement a personage holding place and power under the German Emperor planned that the London "Times" should yet again assure the stupid English that his master was all for morality and peace. "It is imagined", wrote this confidant of the Kaiser, "that Germany wants to carry on an aggressive war. . . . Whoever knows the Emperor as I do, whoever knows how very seriously He takes the responsibility of the crown, how His moral ideas are rooted in true religious feeling, must be astonished that anyone could attribute such motives to Him." Dust was again to be thrown in English eyes, as for years it has successfully been thrown. Happily this letter was addressed to a newspaper not likely at this time to be deceived. The "Times", knowing that these sentiments of an exalted Prussian had no relation to the facts, did not publish it. It will in future be less easy than it has been in the past to use the influence of the British Press in the interests of official Germany.

Mr. Gibson Bowles has suggested that Great Britain should withdraw from the Declaration of Paris and confiscate all goods going to the enemy in neutral ships. Doubtless it is to our direct material advantage to damage our opponent in all legitimate ways. Doubtless, too, there is nothing intrinsically brutal, nothing that offends the common humanity of Europe, in Mr. Bowles's proposal. Moreover, Mr. Bowles's position can be upheld to the legal letter, since Germany has herself torn up the Declaration. Nevertheless, though we greatly respect Mr. Bowles's knowledge and acumen in these matters, here we do not agree with him. The small advantage to be gained by Great Britain in giving an extra twist to the strangling grip we have fastened upon German commerce is outweighed by a far more important consideration. Possibly, if we took Mr. Bowles's advice, we might starve out Germany a little sooner. But the bare possibility of this is not comparable with the advantage we now have in the unanimous conviction of the civilised world that we are fighting, clean-handed, in a just and necessary war.

This war must, to our honour, be historically written as a righteous war on behalf of all that holds back the modern world from the barbarism of absolute might. We must do nothing to sully the purity of our cause. We must keep with us to the end the approval and

sympathy of the neutral world. Mr. Bowles is prepared to argue that the Declaration of Paris does not, and should not, bind. Our answer is that, if as a nation we believed this, we should have officially proclaimed it before the war. To do so now, sophistry apart, would put us in the wrong and take from us the absolute moral security of our position. From the merely material point of view the advantage of the course urged by Mr. Bowles, as compared with the advantage of keeping to the strict letter of our word, virtually disappears. It is more important that the moral weight of the universal feeling against Germany should continue to press heavily upon her; that Germany should realise the full extent of her moral blunder. The confiscation of a few cargoes bound for German ports, involving, as it would, a violation of international law and sure offence to the neutral Powers, would obscure the plain issue of right and wrong. It would in the long run damage our prestige and authority, and injure the cause which Mr. Bowles has himself so nearly at heart.

German spies and agents and suspicious German loafers in this country must be dealt with promptly and severely: it is necessary to rid the countryside and the towns of this pest. But we greatly deprecate anything like a "man-hunt" or anything like a revenge for the slights in Berlin and elsewhere to English and Americans. Anything of the kind would be inhuman and debasing, and it is the duty—and the interest even—of English people to behave with courtesy towards Germans and Austrians in this country. This is a matter of great importance. Besides, the view that because a man is a German he is a boor and should be treated harshly is stupid and ignorant—it argues that the holder of the view wants both brain and breeding.

Lord Roberts was on Thursday appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Forces from the Oversea Dominions and India. Lord Roberts has already given the service of a long life to his country, but he cannot at this moment be allowed to rest—nor, indeed, would he wish it. His brave, devoted work through these last years of peace is to go on. We should fear for another who had worked so continuously and for so many years. But we know that Lord Roberts is in mind and body steeled to obey this call to the service of War. His freshness and energy are unabated.

The House of Commons adjourned on Monday for a fortnight. Mr. Asquith's speech on the adjournment was perhaps the shortest of its kind ever made. "I am sure", said Mr. Asquith, "that every one of us is anxious so far as it can be done, without any sacrifice of principle or of position, that we should continue as a House and as a country to speak and to act without discord in face of the great risks and responsibilities which confront us. The Government have most anxiously considered the situation—I purposely use very few words—and our advice after that full consideration to the House is to adjourn after to-day for a fortnight, to August 25th, when we trust we shall be in a position to wind up the business of the session. When I say that, I must add that we are not without hope that in the interval we may be able to make proposals in regard to dealing with that business which may meet with something like general acquiescence." Mr. Bonar Law, in answer, imitated this honourable brevity. The united front was firmly maintained. No word was uttered of discord upon a subject that a few days ago more bitterly divided the parties of Great Britain than any within the political memory of a generation.

What precisely is the meaning of this united front? It does not mean that the problems which a fortnight ago confronted us in Ireland were unreal or easy of solution. It does mean that these problems have disappeared before a mightier necessity. We have been

kept informed on the best authority how these problems have in the last fortnight been faced by the party leaders; but we have refrained from printing one word which might suggest that the Irish problem is of comparable importance with the topics we have chosen to treat at length. All that matters now is the united front; and the public may be confident that the united front will stand. Under no provocation shall we allow ourselves to be drawn into a controversy which might wrongly start an impression that Great Britain is divided. Great Britain is not divided. There is not now a Government and an Opposition. There is a National Assembly.

The "united front" of the people is everywhere shown. The recruiting figures are quite wonderful. Men are crowding to the colours faster than they can be received. Not less striking is the immediate answer of rich and poor to the appeal of the Prince of Wales. The distress fund will shortly stand at £1,000,000. Everywhere is the will to help. From the Empire at large come continually fresh offers of men, ships, and stores. All under the British flag are knit in this great effort.

Last week the Government very wisely decided to set up a bureau for the spreading of true and authentic news. Mr. F. E. Smith was put in charge, and the bureau got to work on Wednesday. The advantage to the public is enormous. Unofficial editors are gravely embarrassed in two ways. First, they are in peril of being misled and misinformed, not only by their correspondents, but even by the great agencies. Second, they do not always find it easy to judge how much of what they know it is expedient to print. The official Press bureau helps them out of both these difficulties. It carefully sifts the false from the true by the light of its official knowledge; and it is an excellent guide as to how much information may be given to the public without risking the passage of valuable information to the enemy. The public, as Mr. Churchill admitted last week, has a right to be kept truthfully informed so far as this may expediently be managed. An official bureau is the best judge equally of the truth of information at hand and of the expediency of its publication.

Meantime it is only just to recognise yet again that the Press has on the whole behaved quite admirably. Hardly a line has been printed save in absolute good faith as to its accuracy. This, with rumours straying from every side, has meant great vigilance and good judgment. The Press, like the country at large, has accepted its responsibility in a sober spirit. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remind our readers that the editors of many newspapers have in these last few days of mobilisation and preparation known a great deal more of what has been happening than they have been able to publish. The reticence of the Press has been no less admirable than its care for the truth. There is a conscience in the best journalism of to-day. Much of the easy cynicism to which it is subjected by superior people is simply ignorance.

We must find space to congratulate our friend and constant contributor Mr. Collins Baker on his appointment to the office of Keeper of the National Gallery. There could not be a better appointment, and that section of the public which values art is fortunate in this choice by the authorities. Mr. Collins Baker's work in the SATURDAY REVIEW is, we hope, very well known and valued by many people—it is assuredly valued by this REVIEW. The appointment is a welcome sign that the old commonplace art circle, which has ruled for so many years, is at length being broken through. Mr. Collins Baker has not minced matters in his criticism: his article on the Captain Cook statue in the Mall will be fresh in many minds. Altogether this is a thoroughly satisfactory business.

LEADING ARTICLES.

"—WIE ER SICH DURCHHAUT."

THAT a cry of inarticulate horror rose over this thing", says Carlyle after the close of his wonderful chapter, "A Trilogy", "from all Europe, and has prolonged itself to the present day, was most natural and right. . . . Thus have there been, especially by vehement tempers reduced to a state of desperation, very miserable things done. Sicilian Vespers and eight thousand slaughtered in two hours, are a known thing. Kings themselves, not in desperation but only in difficulty, have sat hatching, for year and day, their Bartholomew Business." He is alluding to the September massacres in 1792; but change only a name or two, and the whole passage might, hardly with exaggeration, have been written not of the "Septemberers" but of the Emperor and his kindred spirits, who have rushed their victims wholesale in these last ten days on the shambles of Liège. Vehement tempers, kings themselves in difficulties sitting hatching out their businesses—these words, when we come to read the accounts of the tremendous struggle for the forts at Liège, seem to fit extraordinarily well the opening phases of the European war. To illustrate this we need only turn to the news of a few days ago and give an extract or two from the unsparing, but we believe too true, account of the Brussels Correspondent of the "Times". He tells how the German soldiers on the day of the first furious attack on the forts came to their task somewhat sullen and hungry—the commissariat having, it seems, been strangely overlooked—but as the Belgian defenders admit, with great bravery. Their impatient leaders hurled them at the forts in solid masses, such as one pictures in the confused melées at Inkermann or in the charge of Scarlett's heavy cavalry brigade as Kinglake sketches it.

"There appears to be no doubt", writes the correspondent, "that these unhappy German soldiers were marched to death almost shoulder to shoulder. Just as Napoleon won some of his victories by the sudden application of mere mass, so the German generals . . . apparently hoped to sate the greed of the guns in the forts by a holocaust of victims. The result of their disastrous policy was terrible. Upon these closely-knit ranks, these men who, according to some accounts, were being driven forward by their officers—terror dividing itself betwixt discipline and death—the mighty fusillade was opened. 'Avenues', according to a very graphic account, 'were opened up in the German front'. Masses of dead began to accumulate in the fields before the forts.' He goes on to relate how towards afternoon the battle grew fiercer all along the lines. 'At one of the forts the Germans succeeded in gaining a footing on the glacis under the great guns, where they believed themselves safe from slaughter. 'It would seem to be actually the case', an officer who recounted the story declared, 'that they did not remember or did not know that machine guns were awaiting them after they passed from the zone of fire of the great guns. In a moment the glacis was swept clean; it ran with blood; the piles of dead grew higher and higher.' The correspondent talked with a lancer wounded in one of the engagements. This soldier told him how the German troops were driven up to the guns of the forts. 'They came in massed formation, but so reluctantly, it was obvious that they came only under compulsion. They stood but five paces apart with about fifteen paces between the ranks—a solid mass which even a woman might have hit. We simply couldn't miss them. . . . Heaps of dead and dying lay in masses in the fields.' Nothing that Tolstoy describes in his "Peace and War" exceeds in mercilessness the carnage round the forts, and that these accounts cannot be very highly coloured—as many absurd rumours, lately, palpably have been—the known facts as to German losses show. It is Sir William Napier, we think, who in one of his chapters on the Peninsular War depicts a routed portion of an army falling away like a broken cliff; the figure might almost fit more than one scene round the forts at Liège.

Scenes like this have occurred more or less, and must occur in all great wars, and as they pass into history the first impressions of sheer horror tend to fade out; there is a glamour and glory about the stories of great battles which always have touched, and we believe always will touch, the imagination of men. The thing simply is in human nature. So that future generations reading the military histories of these opening passages in the war will dwell less on the carnage than we do to-day, and more on the drilled and dogged courage of the attackers—which beyond all question was wonderful—and the devotion and immense spirit of the defenders. But we are convinced that future generations will condemn as we condemn the object which drove the German soldiers to the shambles at Liège, and to far greater engagements on French and Belgian soil which are now preparing—for Liège is but an incident in the struggle. There never has been a war so utterly without a spiritual fervour or an intellectual idea in those who set it going than this one. Motives, however mistaken, of civilisation, of the ideas of nationality, are to be traced in most other wars, modern and ancient. Nations have forced on wars and "hacked their way through" for liberty, for religious creeds, for confused or quixotic questions of dynasty or succession, with perhaps little enough justification in civilised times. Not the faintest vestige of any such motive urged the German military party to hurl their troops on to the Belgian forts. The one unmixed motive was the motive of grab and gain. Not "innate warlike passion", which a great military historian has defined as the gift of Heaven to chosen races of men, led on to Liège and to the battles now impending, but simply unbridled covetousness. It is that which startles and shocks one so inexpressibly about the thing. Austria precipitated the war partly through her desire for more territory. She, too, small doubt is out for "stuff". But Austria at least has had great aggravation, a genuine cause for revenge—she had a right to anger; we are now at war with Austria through technical necessity, but it need not blind us to this truth.

It is impossible to trace any true motive of the kind in the brazen proposals and act of the German war party. Not even martial glory and adventure, such as drove the mad Swede Charles XII. to his wars, can be urged as an excuse for their act. They came out openly before the world for "the stuff"—more property, possessions, money, to be acquired by violence: for this end they made their proposal to England, and on its refusal proclaimed through the Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, that "Necessity knows no law" and that therefore they meant "To hack their way through". "The wrong we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. Anyone who is threatened as we are threatened . . . can have only one thought—how he is to hack his way through" (*wie er sich durchhaut*).

Burke's saying that one cannot draw up an indictment against a whole nation is perfectly true, and we shall not be led away through passion to believe that the whole German people is animated by such soulless and absolutely carnal ends as these. We believe, as we said last week, that there is a body of opinion in Germany—naturally impotent to-day—which must shrink from such a policy, as all civilised feeling shrinks from it. That section cannot but act with the Militarists now that the war has come, but its intellect and its conscience will be reasserted after the war and the end of the Kaiser's rule. We have lately been reading again the life of Heinrich Abeken, or "Bismarck's Pen", a book translated into English a few years ago and now published by Messrs. Allen and Stanley Unwin; and when everything that can be said has been said about the ruthless and the brutal material side of Bismarck, we see that those who worked with him, the King of Prussia and the ruling spirits of that time, entered on their wars—1870 notably—in another spirit than that of the German military party to-day. All through Abeken's cor-

respondence—and Abeken was an intimate of both King and Minister—there runs a purifying fervour of patriotism remote from the violent doctrines which the German Chancellor vaunts to-day; and behind the circle in which Abeken moved we can see the German people of that day.

This war may last long, and we ought to be under no delusions that a check at Liège or elsewhere means the collapse of the mighty German war machine. That would be the utmost folly and credulity. Rather we should be prepared for many a disappointment and set back. But Germany's rulers at the very start have done what Napoleon did not do till he issued the Berlin Decrees and made war on Spain—they have roused to anger and opposition the masses, the peoples. History shows that Napoleon's decline was certain when he made that mistake. There is in the end no "hacking through" opposition on that scale. It is not Europe's business to ruin the better part of the German people. It is her business to save them by crushing out the military despots and those who preach the godless text of the German Chancellor.

THE COMMON TASK.

THE public has now accepted the state of war. Provided that events by land and sea do not take an utterly unexpected course, provided there is no quick disaster to spread panic in the market or to grip our people with sudden fear as to the issue, we may assume that the excitement and dislocation of last week will not again be repeated. In the first surprise of war, in the swift arrival of a crisis unparalleled in the living memory of Europe, it was not strange that the bank rate doubled itself at a leap; that visions of immediate famine drove our people into selfish excess; that no one took any thought at all save for the sudden peril of England and the terrible consequences of a struggle involving the greater part of the civilised world. Quite literally no one knew where these events would end or what they really meant in relation to the life of every day. It was only perceived that most things, usually assured, were now uncertain. The banks were shut. The Stock Exchange did not exist. Shops and stores were stripped by frightened purchasers, exaggerating a possible shortage of food within the next six months into immediate starvation. Trade was for a moment looked upon as irreparably destroyed. As to the amusements and pastimes of the people, they were regarded as completely stayed till Germany was reduced. Publishers were prepared to postpone their autumn season *sine die*. The great libraries announced that they would not subscribe for new and unordered books. Managers speculated as to whether they ought not to shut their theatres upon a dwindling audience. Race meetings were cancelled. In a word, the normal life of the people, their work and play, threatened utterly to cease till the one supreme question of the hour was finally answered.

This state of things could not, of course, continue. Largely it was due to uncertainty, surprise and want of knowledge. Not one man in ten thousand knew what the war would mean. Its effect upon the life of our people at home was unmeasured. The position was entirely new. It obsessed every mind, and made the ordinary work of the day seem by comparison unreal. The passing of another week has changed all that. The horror of war has not grown less. The horror of war transcends anything imagined by the most active mind; and to-day, with narratives telling every moment of sickening slaughter and masses of men driven to death—telling, too, of the grey creeping-on of unemployment and destitution—the horror of war is, in a sense, even nearer to our hearts now than it was a week ago. But the horror now is measured. We realise that we have got to live with it as a companion, to come to terms with it, to order our lives quietly from day to day under the shadow of its immediate presence. There must now be no more rushing here and there. Every citizen has measured and accepted the consequences of war, and should now

be proof against panic and surprise. The evidence shows that the public has settled down to the new order. There is a profound contrast between the feeling and conduct of the public this week and its feeling and conduct ten days ago.

This return to serenity has well begun. No one doubts for a moment that, so far as the work of every-day is concerned, every patriotic citizen will help his country best by surrendering as far as possible to the old routine. To help England now in some special way is a privilege and a luxury; but the ordinary life of the country has to be carried on. Apart from actually fighting the enemy, all public service now resolves itself into avoiding the dislocation of our life at home. There may be more spectacular and definite ways of service than just continuing to go about our particular business; but for the majority of men and women there can hardly be a service more valuable at the present time. So long as we make up our minds to behave in this sensible way we can rest assured that Great Britain's financial credit is sound; that food can be bought at a reasonable price; that the disturbance to trade and industry is at a minimum. That this is now realised by our people is shown by the way in which the new conditions are this week affecting the banks, shops, factories and offices. Above all, it is shown in the entirely new spirit of the people. There is sobriety and acquiescence where ten days ago there was headlong conjecture and visions of swift ruin.

Our return to the wise dominion of habit will go further yet. We are not suggesting that the public will grow callous to the war. The war will remain, through all its course, the giant fact of our lives. Familiarity cannot dwarf its significance or blunt the edge of our calamity. Nevertheless, so long as the position does not disastrously change for the worse it will be continually more easy to adapt our ways of acting and thinking to all that the war implies. Already the fears of a week ago—visions of a people absorbed and miserably brooding; of a people frantic with fever for catastrophic news at all hours of the day and night—already those visions are fading in the daylight of clear duty and common sense. Two small pieces of information have this week found their way into the Press. They admirably typify the return of the public to a calm and shadowed cheerfulness. We are glad to read a sober announcement that at least two well-known actor managers have decided to go on with their plans for the autumn as though nothing at all had happened. We are still more glad to read a formal notification that Sir Henry Wood's promenade concerts will open this evening at Queen's Hall. These are trifles in this present hour; but what precisely do they mean? They mean that life in London as we have come to know it will go on in spite of the war. They mean that last week's dark vision of a public stunned and utterly distraught has for the moment passed. For this reason we should welcome any announcement that the amusements—even the amusements—of the people are as far as possible to continue. It is all evidence that the dislocation in our daily life is to be less than we feared—evidence, too, that economic disaster is held at bay. The amusements of the public are the livelihood of a large class of the public. A publisher, for example, cannot cut down his autumn list without helping to disorganise national industry. Again, whatever argument, economic or moral, may exist for shutting up our theatres in time of peace, there is no argument at all for shutting them up at this moment. It would merely add to the general disturbance at a time when our one endeavour must be as far as possible to keep things as they are. That is our common task of the moment—to keep things as they are till the war is finished. We shall ourselves assume, in conducting the REVIEW, that this is the general aim of our people. We shall continue to assume that art and literature matter to the world; that books require to be noticed; that music will continue to refresh and inspire its lovers. We are not prepared to admit that all the interests of normal life are at an end. We are not likely

to forget, in anything that we do, the time and the peril in which we live :

" Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop
Not to outport discretion."

This, we admit, is only fitting, and scarcely needs to be urged. It seems at this time more necessary to warn ourselves against entertaining a wilful sadness and thus lowering our vitality when a good heart is needed and a cheerful face to the world.

So far as the public conduct in detail day by day is concerned, it is a question of taste, of temperament, of ways and means. It is our plain duty not miserably to fast from all cheer of the mind and body—to mope and live continually at the cannon's mouth. But it would equally be an outrage upon decorum—as, indeed, it would be against the grain of every patriotic citizen—to behave as if no enemy were at the gate. This is no time for feasting or buffoonery. This great war should silence all mere noise and folly. It is no time for waste. We have guarded against waste in material things. Let us also guard against waste in intellectual and spiritual things. Let us keep up our hearts and be cheerful; but let us not waste our laughter in empty and mechanical ways; and let us not waste our emotion upon windy suspirations of patriotism that have no root in sincerity. This war need not utterly cast us down or make of us the dismal enemies of healthy pleasure. But it needs must bring us into touch with reality and give even to our pastime a consonant effort towards dignity and restraint. It is impossible to suggest a regimen of conduct for the public at large—to decide what pleasures are lawful and salutary, what pleasures are wasteful and indecorous. Each, according to his taste, must decide for himself. Certain it is that, if the public behaves sensibly through the present crisis, there is no reason at all why in the next few weeks the majority of those who live by the amusements of the people should not discover that their exaggerated fears of a week ago were out of all proportion. Habit will mercifully re-assert its rule. Our normal existence is not yet broken and ruined; and we may reasonably hope that for a long time to come we shall not be called upon to face the final rout of things as they are.

BRITISH TRADE AND THE WAR.

IT is essential at a time like this that the State should intervene far more actively than ordinarily we wish it to do. The excellent objections to State intervention have been dumb in face of national necessity: the Government has undertaken the business of discounting bills of exchange, has started as an underwriter of sea-borne traffic on its own account, and has incidentally given us a foretaste of State railways without paying for the experiment. The Socialists have for many years discussed and written of these startling revolutions, but in their most fanciful dreams they certainly never anticipated all these changes would come in a week without a criticism. Yet all the opponents of Socialism are, under necessity, agreed to be silent. Each step has been justified by the dislocation of trade, and each successive Treasury ukase has helped to steady the nerves of business. For the time being the Chancellor of the Exchequer has become a necessary despot.

It is largely thanks to these arbitrary but necessary innovations that the grave dislocation of industry caused by war has been minimised, and that within a fortnight of war breaking out we have begun to look on the abnormal as the nearly normal. We have yet to see how far the prolongation of war will change the current of business permanently, but already there are some indications of its future effect.

We have lived to see the time when our greatest commercial rival, Germany, exports nothing, dropping altogether out of our markets. This means that an enforced protection is unwittingly in being here. German trade has ceased, and with it our own exports to Germany—cloth, biscuits, soaps, and agri-

cultural machinery. Hamburg's persistent fight with London and Rotterdam for the control of tropical products has suddenly stopped; the naval blockade has centred the world's shipping in British hands, and, with the German mercantile marine swept off the high seas, our own shippers and shipbuilders will do great business.

But although the British mercantile marine will profit by the banishment of a rival, its accustomed ports will be somewhat changed. The necessities of sea-borne commerce in war-time will work strange transformations, bringing slackness, or even disaster, to some new ports and unwonted prosperity to decaying harbours. Shipping seeks the safest goal, and all the east coast ports—Leith, Hull, Grimsby, and the rest—will be depressed by the sudden stoppage of the Baltic trade, while some forgotten rivals on the west and south coasts will profit from their misfortunes. The fine old port of Bristol, revived a few years back under the name of Avonmouth, has already seized the occasion to attract foodstuffs from Ireland and the colonies. It is safer and more convenient than Southampton—which is at present otherwise engaged—in wartime; it is almost as near London—the railway journey is two hours against ninety minutes—and more convenient for transit to the north than Southampton. Similarly, the engrossment of Plymouth in naval affairs may lead to some revival on the part of its ancient rival, Falmouth, as a centre for the mercantile marine; and the prosperity which Irish agriculture may legitimately expect now that Continental competition to supply the British breakfast-table with its necessary eggs, butter, and bacon has stopped will prove a useful addition to Fishguard traffic.

Internal commerce will also change its direction. Apart from the import of small German goods—toys, cheap clocks, and similar things, whose stoppage will give an opportunity that some British manufacturers will take advantage of—British agriculture, already recovering from its depression, will profit. The regular farmer will find a certain market for his produce, and the disorganisation of the Continental trade in sugar-beet—which has already doubled the price of sugar and embarrassed the confectionery manufacturers as well as the housewife—should advantage the new sugar-beet industry in East Anglia. Probably the pioneer Norfolk sugar-beet factory, which was built two years ago, will be enlarged, and the other sugar factories which were contemplated in Suffolk will be set up. If the heavy capital required for starting the establishment can be obtained, the sugar-beet trade in England now has its opportunity, and we imagine that the Government will continue to look on these projects with a kindly eye, since they will not only reduce the present high price of sugar, but will increase production and employment at home. There will be room, too, in this connection for the West Indies to enlarge their cane-fields, and the time is now ripe for putting the whole business of British sugar-growing at home and overseas on a sound basis.

Apart from agriculture, some trades, of course, will profit directly from war. The heavy steel trades, manufacturers of armaments and munitions of war, will be over-employed; certain cloth makers and those engaged on army clothing will be busy, although, as a contrary influence, the civilian tailor and the makers of high-priced cloths will suffer, both from the enforced or voluntary economies of their patrons at home and the complete stoppage of their Continental trade. At the same time they may find a compensation in the cessation of imported dresses and dress fabrics from Berlin and Vienna, and much of the wholesale buying for ladies' shops will have to be transferred to our own manufacturers. Nottingham, for instance, which has complained loudly of late because the old-fashioned lace curtain has been displaced by casement cloth, and has suffered from the novel feminine fashions of the last few years, will find some relief in the sudden cessation of competition from the lace-makers of Saxony, while ribbon manufacturers will seize the opportunity of enlarging their home trade. The boot

trade, at present stimulated by the demand for military boots, will profit later by the stoppage of the imported light shoes in which Austria has found a profit for many years past. The prospects for Lancashire cotton goods, however, are more dubious. Already the factories are working short time, Manchester is depressed and the export trade will suffer heavily for a long time ahead.

But probably the smaller and, as economists sometimes unkindly dub them, the parasitic industries will suffer most. All the little luxury trades throughout the country will inevitably droop—antique shops, old book shops, and curio dealers; jewellers, florists, and traders in pleasant and graceful superfluities. This will hit London and Birmingham hard; if the war is prolonged Sheffield will be touched also, when people economise on silver and plate for table decoration. The Potteries will lose some of their higher-class trade—the purchase of Royal Worcester and Crown Derby is essentially a luxury which people can do without—and by an evil chance the large trade in ordinary pot and china goods which has developed with Germany during the last few years will also come to a standstill. As compensation, the manufacture of tiles and building materials will revive now that the builders' strike has been settled; and the electrification of our suburban railways, which requires thousands of porcelain sets for the electric rails, will add to employment in Hanley and its neighbours.

Employment as a whole will probably suffer, and has indeed already suffered, from the necessary prudence of the public. Domestic staffs, as well as those employed in catering for amusement, have been cut down, either as a precaution against diminishing income, or in many cases because the head of the household has gone to the front and there is consequently less work to be done. The prevalent need for economy has caused houses to be shut; and in a class of employment economically and socially just above the domestic servant there is a similar decline of employment. One hears of business houses hard hit by depression cutting down their staffs of male and female clerks; a large firm near London which produces articles not in any sense necessities is known to have summarily dismissed about two hundred young girls regularly employed at a low wage as light sorters and packers. There will be a glut of labour of this kind whose market value, never very high, will now diminish; and to this must be added, as a factor that will depress it still further, young women who have been just above going out to work but whose parents' misfortune has suddenly forced them, untrained and often not very capable, to seek what employment may offer. It may be noted that the withholding of dividends by industrial companies must hit this latter class with peculiar severity, and the only visible compensation for this type of labour is the fact that the very considerable withdrawal of Germans employed as clerks and waiters has caused some thousands of vacancies. At the same time it is clear that a large proportion of these vacancies will not be filled up: the "Situations Vacant" columns of the daily papers are a too eloquent proof of the necessity for depleted staffs.

Some of the workless have found temporary employment by filling the places of those English soldiers who have gone to the front, but their disappearance again by no means absorbs the ranks of the unemployed. And apart from this, the first effect of war is a slowing-down, if not an actual stoppage, of the current industrial tendencies of civilisation. War, by causing a certain amount of immediate unemployment, at once checks the rise of wages. Concrete cases have illustrated this during the past week. It is well known that strikes were being planned in certain trades for this autumn with the expressed object of raising wages. Those strikes have now been abandoned, because the trade unions at once recognised the impossibility of raising wages in war time. The working man knows that he will be lucky if he keeps his job, and he gives up any idea of entrenching his position against non-union labour or increasing the rates for union labour.

This significant action on the part of the trade union aristocracy of labour shows that unemployment and distress will prevail in the lower ranks of labour during the coming winter. The National Distress Fund will have many pensioners, and the Government's public works scheme will not lack applicants. We may express the hope that both will be administered on sound lines, as otherwise they will do as much harm as good.

THE ATTITUDE OF JAPAN.

IT is clear that Germany, in entering on the war, had not counted half the cost. Among the many overlooked possibilities we must almost certainly include the advent of Japan as a belligerent. Far Eastern issues are, of course, but as dust in the balance compared with the matters of life-and-death moment now being decided in Belgium and on the French frontier. Yet they are by no means insignificant. Germany early recognised the importance of the Pacific, and one of the first uses she made of her growing naval might was to create a position for herself in that part of the world. Her defeat in Europe means farewell to the ambitious scheme in which Kiao-chau, the German possessions in New Guinea, and the German islands in the Pacific were intended one day to play their part. It is hard to see, indeed, how even success in land warfare can secure her against the loss of her oversea possessions here as elsewhere. Every Pacific State must henceforth recognise in Germany a dangerous neighbour, and put every obstacle in the way of her realising the dream of becoming a great Far Eastern Power.

If Japan enters the war it will be purely on her own initiative. She is not prompted to take action by Great Britain, to whom, indeed, extensive operations against German possessions would be to some extent a source of embarrassment. The Japanese, however, have an ancient grudge against Germany, and if the Tokyo Government resolves to seize the present opportunity it will have national opinion behind it. It is curious how Prussian gaucherie produces similar effects in widely differing conditions. There is probably no European people and no European Government so utterly disliked in Japan as the people and government of the German Empire. The writer lived in Tokyo for several years after the war against China in 1894-5, and had some opportunity of estimating the feeling against Germany. Victorious on land and sea over the forces of China, Japan put forth her hand to the great prize of Port Arthur. It was hers by right of conquest, purchased by reckless effusion of blood and at a money cost ruinous to so poor a nation. Then, at the close of the war, Russia, France and Germany intervened, and Japan had to withdraw or face annihilation. A nation that never forgets an injury dissembled its wrath and yielded. Towards Russia Japan's feeling was that of a foiled antagonist who appreciates an enemy's position and motives. Russia must be fought some day; and Japan set herself at once to prepare for the great trial of strength. But meanwhile the statesmen of Tokyo, and even the Japanese patriots, recognised that Russia had interests—that, in short, it was her business. France's action, as Russia's ally, was equally well understood. But against Germany Japan cherished the animosity a gratuitous injury awakens. Germany had then no great position in Far Eastern affairs; her commercial interests, the volume of her shipping, were far less considerable than now; it seemed to Japan a monstrous intervention. However, England made no sign, and the thing had to be.

Three years passed, and Germany added to the injury. The murder of two German missionaries called the "mailed fist" into action. Kiao-chau was seized; Russia consoled herself with Port Arthur, and England with Wei-hai-Wei. It looked, with the Italians demanding San-Mun and the French adopting an attitude of indecisive hunger, as if China were to be vivisected before the eyes of Japan, who had borne the whole burden and heat of the day. The war with Russia

followed six years later, and Japan was thus left in possession of Port Arthur and Korea. But she has never forgotten that of the awful sacrifice of life and the financial burden which has since distressed her no small part was to be debited to Germany. Russia had paid, France's part was forgiven, but Germany's account was still to be settled.

It is doubtful whether the most consummate diplomacy could have exorcised that patient anger which, with the Japanese, is content to wait for years the convenient moment for its revenge. But German diplomacy in Japan has never concealed its contempt for the people, or its determination to impede the realisation of their ambitions. In Tokyo, as well as anywhere, can be studied that curious lack of understanding and sympathy which limits the efficiency of German effort in statesmanship and to some extent in business. The young Prussian who comes to the Far East is fitted in everything but temperament for his mission. He generally knows Japanese, thanks to his excellent schools of Oriental languages, as no Englishman or Frenchman does. He is drilled and trained in every detail of the business he is intended to take up. He is familiar beforehand with Japanese ways and wants. But almost invariably he loses by his arrogance and domineering contempt the advantage his patient conquest of a difficult language and his painful acquirement of a new mode of thought would give him. The Japanese are quick to note the combination of parsimony and haughtiness Germans in the Far East seldom fail to display. They live "nearer" than other Europeans; they adopt small, tricky devices and money-saving plans that seem more appropriate to Houndsditch than Yokohama; they are less careful of their word than Englishmen or Frenchmen; and yet more arrogant than any other white people. When the Japanese call the Germans "European Chinese", they mean that they are both more close-fisted and less human than other Europeans.

Thus the Japanese people is quite as willing as the Japanese Government can be to interpret in the most liberal spirit the wide-reaching clauses of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. They will certainly not be impelled into action by the British Foreign Office. Rather will our own statesmen be anxious that, if Japan moves, she shall not move too energetically or extend her activities too widely. Japan is watched with some uneasiness by America, and, rightly or wrongly, Australia would feel disquiet if she seized German possessions in the Pacific. It is not for us to restrict the action of our ally in so far as concerns steps which she regards as essential to her own safety and convenience in her immediate sphere of influence. The destruction of Germany's Far Eastern squadron and the seizure of Kiao-chau need not concern us or our kinsmen. Kiao-chau is in any case forfeit if Germany suffers defeat on the sea or in her aggressive war on the Continent; and Japan can no doubt establish a good claim to the reversion. But it is to be hoped that the Tokyo Government, with its usual good sense and moderation, will recognise that a large range of action might bring into inconvenient prominence questions which are better kept in the background at this grave moment. The very fact that Japan is herself affected by a war hatched in Berlin should give her pause before entering on steps which might produce new and undesirable complications. We earnestly hope, therefore, she will be cautious.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 2) BY VIELLE MOUSTACHE.

WE have won our first victory, as far as the British nation partakes in the struggle on the Continent of Europe, but with the help of our enemies. It is a moral victory worth three physical contests, for we have met and defeated the stupendous force of apathy which for years has overhung the nation like a pall and has been a veritable curse. Steeped in the flood of wealth, luxury and ease, ignoring completely

the gospel that duty to country comes before citizen rights, we have been absolutely insensible to the warnings which profound thinkers and experts on the question of national and imperial security have endeavoured in vain to hammer into the brain of both revellers and rulers. This war will prove a blessing in disguise. It will make us think. Forty-two million people are now of one mind, and stronger than any armed force is a triumphant national idea. We doubt if the world itself could find sufficient weapons to arm the numbers in the nation's manhood who are fired with the spirit that breathes the sentiment that we must see this thing through at all costs. A hundred and twenty years ago, with a population of only 16 millions, some 800,000 men bore arms in answer to the call of danger. About one in five of the able-bodied manhood bowed to the unwritten law that "the life of a citizen belongs to his country". Thank God, we have inherited the same spirit from our ancestors!

The appeal of our new War Minister for 500,000 men will not be made in vain, but it is in the massing of this young manhood for the purposes of training that we shall find the weak spot in our national character. We shall meet our worst foe before a man leaves our shores. The ignorance of the value of self-discipline common to our youths will exact its due from the young lives who have flocked to the colours. The foul fiend of disease, the worst enemy of an army, will demand his toll, and we must be prepared to find hundreds and thousands of these young spirits lying in our military hospitals before they have even fired a shot. We have much to learn, but we shall master it. "It is difficulties which show what men are", said old Epictetus, and we are going to prove ourselves men or die in the attempt.

The director of our military operations will give a sigh of relief that at this opportune moment a fortnight's holiday will save him from the embarrassment of novel Parliamentary duties. A pity the vacation cannot be extended, for few can realise the appalling task that his staff have to face in raising, officering and equipping a half-million of men. Men may spring from the ground, but time alone can convert them into something better than dummy soldiers—and the untrained man in modern war is little better.

THE NORTH SEA AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES", 5 OR 12 AUGUST.

In the plea for a golden silence made in my first letter, I find, alas! that a bad example has been set by our Naval Intelligence Department. The Navy are new to war, and may be excused the mistake of telling to the country the story of an early triumph. Was it wise, however, to publish to the world that we had sunk the German mine ship "Königin Luise" while she was in the act of sowing mines? Surely a mine can be the hidden enemy of friend and foe alike. Would it not have been wiser to let our foes know that the craft had done her task, and thus deny that sea area to any offensive operations contemplated by the German admiral himself in that direction?

The loss of the "Amphion" is but the loss of a pawn in the initial move upon the board. The doings of the "Goeben" in the Mediterranean were not quite as active as the spirit of the brave general from whom the giant cruiser is named. The capture of an odd collier or merchantman in the inland seas enables a cruiser to fill her bunkers and obtain a new lease of sea legs, but fuel-driven fleets become in time helpless as logs in a strategic area when beyond the reach of a naval base. At the moment of writing report places the "Goeben" on the sale and not the sailing list. The fog of war will lift simultaneously by sea and land at the word of a soldier, and the first airman, spy, or secret service agent who accurately locates the headquarters of the Kaiser will suggest a key to the cypher which our gallant allies and ourselves have to unravel. The decoding will assuredly point to the direction on land from which to expect the first powerful blow, and we may be confident that the hostile Navy will be called upon to deal its stroke at the same well-timed moment. What a power to wield in one mind! What a triumph of training and organisation if this right and left can be

showered with the lightning strokes of a Carpentier ! And when the combatants come to grips, what hours and days of clinching ! The same day in the almanac may record a battle of giants from the Dogger to the Texel, and farther south of the mainland fight from Namur to Longwy, both on a front of nigh 100 miles, and with a mass of powerful cavalry acting on the right flank of the German hosts, living like locusts upon the fair Belgian soil. What a revolution in war methods ! And in war it is the unexpected that gains the day—but only if it is unexpected.

The programme of German offensive strategy has, however, met with an initial setback. The world audience gazing on the war stage has, like similar audiences before a peace stage, found that a small slip has made its way into the leaves of the programme. Belgium is the little "star" performer that has been inserted on the slip, and the time schedule of the German war stage manager has had to be altered. In war time counts for much more than money, for the reasons explained in my first letter. This enforced delay may give our Expeditionary Army its opportunity. Two lessons the soldier student has learnt from the gallant fight put up by the Belgians at Liège. First, that modern weapons in warfare used from permanent defensive works are an appalling factor of strength, even when the arms are in the hands of men not highly trained. Secondly, that antiquated battle formations for attack are doomed to failure. Flat trajectories from weapons fired with fixed sights up to 700 yards deny success to any form of attack that has density as its principle when moving forward through the fire zone. The German seems to have profited little by the lesson of St. Privat in 1870. Six thousand brave men of the Guards and 12th Saxon Corps were mown down in twenty minutes while attempting to traverse the glacis slope that led to the French position. The historian will probably record that the same dense formation in attack cost the attackers their heavy loss in their onslaught on the forts at Liège. The German is the very slave of custom. "That monster custom that all sense doth eat." In the continuous line of some 200 miles or more along which the encounter is maintained on land a serpentine wave will depict the success or failure of the opposing armies. The issue will alone depend upon where the line is broken in upon and pierced by overwhelming forces. It is here that the Declaration of Neutrality by Italy will prove of inestimable advantage to the Anglo-French forces. Freed from its positions allotted to the defence of its south-eastern frontier, the French army corps named for that task can be thrown into the main fight in such superior numbers as to ensure success in a counter movement forward. We can now see that this neutral policy of Italy has completely altered the offensive plan of the allied Austrian and German armies, necessitating the abandonment by the former of an offensive campaign in Servia in order to find troops to reinforce the southern end of the German line. We can well understand the earnest plea made by Germany and Austria to Italy to stand by the Triple Alliance. After a little exhaustion of the Austrian army in its struggle on three fronts, we may find a fresh Power in the field in Southern Europe prepared to mop up many pickings.

THE DANUBE FRONTIER AREA. REFERENCE MAP,
"TIMES", 29 JULY.

As foreshadowed in my first letter, the demands for a force to meet the movements on the Russian frontier have turned a premeditated offensive campaign into one of a defensive nature. Servia, now strengthened by Montenegro, may look for a rectification of frontier on the western side.

THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER AREA.

Offensive movements, but only of an insignificant nature, have been taken by the Russians both on the north into Prussia and on the Galician frontier north of Lemberg, where lies an Austro-Hungarian army corps. The concentration of the armies of Russia will take some time to complete.

If the losses on the battlefields, which this next week will see, approach at all to the figures given by the paper men who have hitherto recorded the insignificant engagements along the frontiers, the war period of duration will be short, even though two million combatants have to be annihilated. The Press has to live, and the pressman. The censor is decidedly very liberal with his numeral o's. No one reads books in these exciting times, and war stories must take the place of the columns formerly required for advertisements. A large wastepaper basket should form the equipment of most readers, and nothing that is not officially given to the world by the War Staffs of our Allies and ourselves can be relied upon as being in the slightest degree trustworthy. They will tell but a terse story even of victory and less so of losses. We must await the truth until the last shot has been fired.

THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH.

BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.

IT is almost inconceivable that a fortnight ago we could have regarded the Kikuyu controversy as a matter of moment. In the light of this present war it seems but the feeblest logomachy, which for very shame we would wish to hide. But may we not be ashamed also of our Christianity, or rather the result of our Christian ideals? It stabs one to think that after almost two thousand years of the Gospel of Peace, this is all we know of it ! Christian Europe is engaged in the fiercest conflict in the history of the human race, while heathendom stands beholding. It is dreadful. It should be humiliating.

Two characteristics in our race have been so consistently remarked by other peoples that it is difficult to believe they are only imaginary. One is a too ready contempt for other folk, and the other is a rooted conviction that we are the particular care of God. Was it not a witty Frenchman who remarked that the English regarded Heaven as being a British possession? But whatever truth there may have been in these accusations in the past, they are not quite justified at the present time. It has been noticeable already how little Jingoism there has been in the streets and public Press. We dare not despise our enemy, nor reckon on the fortunes of war before the war has begun in dreadful earnest; while there are many besides the Society of Friends who, in the "distress and perplexity of this new situation", are "so stunned as scarcely to be able to discern the path of duty". A lady who says she has "received many kindnesses from the Germans" writes confessing that it makes her sick at heart to feel that we may be doing wrong as a nation. This is a wholesome feeling if it makes the British desire to follow the flame of right so faintly flickering before us.

There are few people who are more genuinely sensitive upon the subject of war than are the Quakers. It is, therefore, a cheering thing to read in their message to the "Men and Women of Goodwill in the British Empire" the following statement: "We recognise that our Government has made strenuous efforts to preserve peace, and has entered into the war under a grave sense of duty to a smaller State, towards which we had moral and treaty obligations". The Friends conclude, as people who "stand firmly to the belief that the method of force is no solution to any question", that the "present movement is not one for criticism, but for devoted service to our nation". In this view we may all agree, and go to our respective churches thanking God that, as a nation, we have striven for peace, and that we have honestly sought to do the right.

It is reported that the German Chancellor, in a recent address in the Reichstag, acknowledged that it was wrong to break treaty rights, but that the occasion demanded such wrongdoing. The German Emperor has never tired of reiterating that God has always been with the German arms, and will now lead them to certain victory. Such statements as these

have caused sincere men and women to feel a certain nausea against all religion. This is not right, no matter how grave the cause may seem. It does not show that Christianity is bankrupt, but rather how persistent and powerful are the forces with which it must contend.

Every student of history knows that there is a grave danger lurking behind a conviction that God must assist national arms. Major Martin Hume has shown that the defeat of the Armada had far graver consequences to Spain than the actual loss of ships and men. It was the death blow to the religious force which successive Spanish rulers had exploited for purposes that could not be justified on either moral or religious grounds. It is not inconceivable that a regrettable religious bankruptcy may result in Germany if the dogmatic utterances of the Emperor represent at all faithfully the convictions of his people, and are not justified by results. This is not written in any spirit of vainglory. It would be hypocritical to use the melodramatic prayer that the British sword would break in our hands if it were not drawn in the cause of righteousness. On the other hand, it would be wiser to guard against any recrudescence in ourselves of the folly that we condemn in others.

The fact is no nation possesses the alchemic secret of transmuting good intentions into right action. It is inconceivable that we can retain quite unstained the good conscience with which we as a nation have entered into this war. This is not merely a question for statesmen, or even for those who are in the forefront of battle. An act of intolerance on the part of non-combatants can excite more animosity than the bloody slaughter of a battle-field. Last week a silly mob wrecked a pork butcher's shop in a provincial town. The tradesman whose goods were wasted was a British citizen of many years' standing, but he was born in Germany. The news was telegraphed to Germany, where, with other news, it has attained abnormal importance by being regarded as symptomatic of British feeling. So, by a cruel irony, the pork butcher's shop at Peterborough is doing more to stir up bitterness than all the hideous shambles outside Liège! The thought is pitiful, but it illustrates a fact too often forgotten, that non-combatants are not infrequently the most troublesome factors in warfare. It also points to a plain duty which no Christian man or woman can disregard. There is a large German population in England. The Government have assured us that those who are at large are, probably without exception, peaceable law-abiding persons. The spies are either under surveillance or they will be incapable of doing much harm. We may therefore do much in the way of discountenancing any agitation against Germans such as is lightly advocated by many who should know better. To do this is in no sense unpatriotic; while to be generous, to quote a well-known saying of Burke, is not infrequently high policy.

With regard to the duty we owe to our own folk little need be said now. It is a highly important duty, and it appears to be taken up in the right spirit, although the real strain upon our patriotism has not been made. It may be that an awakened sense of brotherhood will prepare the way for the democratising of Great Britain. As a national danger has been an augury for a happy ending of our Irish troubles, so it may also lead to the drawing together in peace of the serried ranks of capital and labour. It may be also that we may pass through the ruin of war to a saner reconstruction of Europe upon a firmer basis than that of armaments, and with loftier purposes than any variation of a *world-politik*.

The message of the Friends concludes with these stirring words: "We believe in God. Human free-will gives us power to hinder the fulfilment of His loving purposes. It also means that we may actively co-operate with Him. If it is given to us to see something of a glorious possible future, after all the desolation and sorrow that lie before us, let us be sure that sight has been given us by Him. No day should close without our putting up our prayer to Him that He will

lead His Family into a new and better day. At a time when so severe a blow is being struck at the great causes of moral, social and religious reform for which so many have struggled, we need to look with expectation and confidence to Him, Whose cause they are, and find a fresh inspiration in the certainty of His victory".

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

OUR DIET AND DUTY.

BOOKS are not likely to be bought much during the war—it is distinctly not going to be in any sense a "Battle of the Books" this time. We shall read, if we are sensible, good books of all kinds—history, poetry, fiction; and, alas! some of us will, perhaps, have much more time for reading than we have ever had before. We shall read, however, mostly the books already on our shelves—the reason for this one need not discuss now. But here and there one may light on a book or booklet, still in the market and still new, which may be almost counted among the necessities of life. Such a book is found in "First Aid to the Servantless", published by Heffer (Cambridge) at a shilling. Anybody who knows the author at all knows her for a brilliant woman, probably one of the most brilliant and learned women to-day—one who in her own country in old days might well have been famed for her salon. But not all who know Lady Frazer slightly or fairly well know that she is not less learned, not less full of resource, in the household, housewife realm than in the realm of intellect and scholarship—in, for example, the lore of "The Golden Bough". Yet it is so, and her "First Aid" is marked by household wit, which at this time is so needed in British homes. Her booklet is full of "wrinkles"—if the pedants will allow a bit of homely slang for such a fiomely theme. Therefore people who want to study economy strictly—in other words, every decent and patriotic person, such economy being in time of war not mean but generous—might wisely look into Lady Frazer's booklet. It is bright as the brightest saucepan, and it is a real guide to health and economy at home.

But, of course, there are questions of diet into which Lady Frazer does not go, and these are urgent to-day, and may be supremely urgent in the near future; for, though Great Britain is not at all likely to be faced by national hunger whilst she commands the seas, every Briton knows he must, for the sake of the poor and for those who are sure to be out of work presently, keep down his own food bill. It is the first, the most elementary, duty of the citizen to-day; and if he fails in it, he fails in manhood.

A great soldier said the other day to the writer of this article, "The war will do us all good—we shall be better men and a better nation for it". There is not the least doubt that our stomachs and livers will be in a much better state on the whole; and therefore surely—quite apart from all spiritual considerations and the wholesome fervour of patriotism—we shall be substantially "better men". Our bodies will be better, even better nourished, and therefore, it physiologically follows, our brains will be better—and our tempers better. Hitherto talk about the simple life has been too often an affectation. It must now become a reality, and it will do vast numbers of English people what South country villagers call "a power of good". The truth is most of us eat too much. We devour too much meat, for example. It is common to hear overfed people say, "I make a substantial breakfast and that practically lasts me till dinner". They imagine that it is a kind of merit to subsist on two square meat meals a day, with no more than a light lunch and a cup of coffee after it and a cup of tea between those two. The vast majority of them, certainly the men of business and the professional men in towns, would subsist a great deal more comfortably if they lived on three light meals a day instead of two substantial ones and a light one between. Fat bodies are on the whole

unhealthy bodies. The more adipose tissue, the more room for malign germs, for diseases and complaints of almost every kind; and the plain truth is that, generally, fat bodies come from fat feeding. The story that fat men are often, or usually, delicate feeders and drinkers is not to be trusted. The fat man who eats next to nothing is commonly a delusion—as a rule, fat means food. Perhaps the fat man does not appear to eat much, but that may be because he is so fat, and one expects to see him therefore do wonders as a trencherman. Do not let us be deceived by this common story of fat having little or nothing to do with the bulk and quality of food eaten—it has almost everything to do with it. True, the converse does not always hold good; the thin man is not always a delicate feeder: on the contrary, he is sometimes a raven at his food. He, too, over-eats; a less quantity, a stricter dieting, a more thorough biting, and a slower swallowing would find him probably a less ravenous and a healthier man.

Diet is a duty at all times—give us this day our daily diet; doubly is it a duty now. The writer's case is no doubt typical; there are tens of thousands of people whose experience, if looked into, would be found almost identical with his. He is one of the thin men who in the past have eaten too much solid stuff—two "good" meals a day and a light lunch between; though, taking the average, he is rather a small eater. Dyspepsia in its hundred, its thousand, forms, horrid twinges of rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, for years depressed his general health, interfered with his work, often spoilt his pleasure. Doctors often told him he wanted more food, more drink.

He cut off—practically—one of the "good" meals a day, and relief came almost at once. Instead of a small whisky and soda before going to bed he took a glass of warm water, and he began to wake in the morning with a clean mouth instead of a dry nasty one. He lunched on a cup of coffee, half milk, and half a stale scone with a small pat of butter at one of the light refreshment shops, and found forthwith that he was fit for intellectual work in the afternoon, kept a good appetite for dinner, and felt livelier and more hopeful generally. Life no longer seemed the leaden weight it often had seemed before. Besides, incidentally, he found his lunch cost him fourpence or fivepence a day, instead of half a crown at a restaurant or club; in other words, a more wholesome meal, with a far better result, at a seventh or eighth of the price.

A little light food two or—if tea counts as a meal—three times a day and a good dinner are quite enough for the average professional or business man if he will only recognise it. If a great strain is on him, the less able he is to assimilate much food; if no strain is on him, food will often make him too bulky, old ere his time, and in the end make him a helpless victim of "Gout".

Besides, looking at it from a purely pleasure-seeking point of view, to a spare eater far more enjoyable is, from time to time, the "good dinner", the long dinner. The food is better to him—the wine how much rarer, the aroma of the cigar how much choicer! After this war those of us who have lived sparingly will have a truer palate for a good dinner, for wine, cigar, and coffee, than the most exquisite of the epicures.

WALLACE AND HIS "MARITANA".

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MUSIC is not abolished because there is war. Indeed, the Promenade season opens at the Queen's Hall to-night. Let us, then, say farewell to the season that has passed. The history of music in England—not of English music, for of that there was none—from the death of Handel in 1759 until quite lately is a dull, dismal, doleful tale. In nearly a century and a half this country was blessed with visits from two genuine composers, Haydn and Mendelssohn (for Wagner came as conductor, not com-

poser), and honoured by the attentions of an interminable string of charlatans and dunces. This England was the glorious hunting-ground of dancing-masters from Italy who taught our grandmothers the arts of singing and piano-playing, and of music-tradesmen from Germany who brought us oratorios packed with pious sentiment and unendurable fugues. None of the oratorios survive; but I believe a few of the dancing-masters are dying a slow, lingering, lucrative death in Kensington and Maida Vale. On the whole I believe the period 1830-80 to have been our worst; then the Frenchman Gounod half-killed oratorio with his "Redemption" and gave it the *coup de grâce* with "Mors et Vita". If the reading of the doings of the imported musicians of this period depresses us, what can be said of the native products in the way of oratorio and symphony—achievements which purported to be, and were not, music? Beside the mass of this stuff a quagmire smothered in a damp yellow fog is as a cheerful picture. Shining faintly through that fog we may yet perceive one dim star, of magnitude infinitely small, but still a star—William Vincent Wallace, known only as the composer of "Maritana". It is well that we should fill our souls with Wagner, endure Schönberg, listen with patience or pleasure, as the case may be, to Strauss, Stravinsky and Scriabin, rejoice in Borodin. But to hark back for an evening to really old-fashioned non-immortal opera teaches us, whether or not we want to be taught, a rather startling lesson—which is that the newness of all this recent German and Russian stuff is not the newness of real originality, but only a newness of mode. Why, Wallace, after so much very up-to-date music, sounded positively fresh in my ears a few nights ago. In essentials his music was as modern at that time as Scriabin's is to-day. The ideal of the time was music to please; the ideal of to-day is music to surprise and to stun. Wallace, coming after Mozart and, alas! the Italians, wrote music that pleased; Scriabin, coming after Wagner and Berlioz, writes music that surprises and stuns. Scriabin is no more advanced in relation to his epoch than Wallace was in relation to his epoch. Everyone can write surprising stuff nowadays—'tis as easy as lying; all can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed. In point of musicianship Wallace was no more behind Scriabin and Co. than Mozart was behind Wagner either in musicianship and sheer inventive genius. Mozart tried to write no huge music-dramas because he did not want to; Wagner could not have written a G minor if he had tried. To each age and each man its and his mode of expression. Wallace would not have set down Scriabin's progressions because he would have felt them to be harsh and most unmusical; Scriabin could not write Wallace's pretty tunes because we have got beyond the stage of *naïveté*. On the whole I am inclined to consider Wallace much the better man. In terms of a sum in simple proportion the situation might be put thus:

Mozart : Wallace :: Wagner : Scriabin + Stravinsky + Strauss + a host of others (not including the really inventive and inspired men, such as Borodin).

This may appear rather a large order, but, after all, Wallace received the warm praise of a critic who admittedly had some ability, Hector Berlioz.

Of course, "Maritana" is conventional. Is not all art conventional? Once, in a momentary lapse into wisdom, I spoke and said these words: All conventions appear ridiculous when they are superseded by new ones. Being in a hurry, I suppose, to be epigrammatic, I omitted an important qualification: a used-up convention appears ridiculous only so long as it is in juxtaposition with the new one and comparisons can be made. We perceive all the faults of the old one and none of those in the new one. When the old one gets much out of date we never think of ridicule: we accept it and look for the art-content. Sometimes there is no art-content, and then we are painfully conscious of the old-fashioned pattern of the frame: when the content is vigorous and perhaps beautiful we care not a jot for the frame. Now, Wallace used the Mozart frame: how

strongly are we conscious of the frame in the one case as compared with our consciousness of it in the other case? Of course the question is preposterous. With Mozart familiarity makes the frame disappear, so full of life, strength and beauty is the music that fills it; but with Wallace we are always keenly conscious of the frame—the music is almost immeasurably inferior to Mozart's. But when discussing the sudden apparition of Wallace in the first half of the nineteenth century we must constantly bear in mind the fact that opera had sunk desperately low since the days of "Don Giovanni" and the "Zauberflöte". The domination of the tenor and florid soprano had become complete: the composer was their humble, obedient servant. The orchestra had fallen, in Wagner's phrase, to the status of merely a huge guitar. Its glorious possibilities, which Mozart had begun to unfold, were utterly neglected by all opera-composers who wanted to get on in the world. Beethoven was unsuccessful in his own native land; Weber's first hits had proved only flashes in the pan. Both composers were soon forgotten even in Germany; and in England Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti reigned supreme. Opera of a baser sort than even that of those men was produced by Balfe, Bishop and, presently, by Benedict. Writing for the public of these composers, compelled for a livelihood to write for that public, it seems to me Wallace achieved wonders.

The libretto of "Maritana" is rubbish. Berlioz once pointed out, with much self-righteousness, that no composer is forced to set a bad libretto. Well, he set a few bad ones himself; and anyhow his dictum is as great a fib as Voltaire's " Didn't see the necessity" in reply to the bad poet's " I must live". In those days a man who knew one trade only, and that the trade of music, had often to set a bad libretto or none at all. So he set "Maritana", hoping for success by making the best of it. Failure might follow failure; but composers are a sanguine race and hope springs eternal in their breasts. At this time of day "Maritana" is indeed *vieux jeu*. It is the drama of intrigue worked out to its logical absurdity. A courtier loves the Queen of Spain; to draw away the king's attention the courtier finds a captivating gipsy. To raise the gipsy to the rank befitting a king's mistress, he gets a count into trouble, and promises to get the penalty mitigated if he will marry the gipsy. The count does so; the count is led off to be shot instead of hanged (this is the mitigation), and the gipsy is brought to a palace ready to receive the king's attentions. But the count has saved a boy's life and he (or she, for the part is played by a woman) manages to extract the bullets from the guns; the count pretends to be dead, and then follows to the palace to claim his bride. She has proved recalcitrant; there are altercations; explanations follow; and in the end the count and his bride are made happy; virtue is rewarded and vice punished and all ends well. Does your brain reel, reader? Then what of the book of "Figaro", "Aida", "Rigoletto", and a dozen other Italian favourites?

The opera form is that recommended by Wagner to all beginners, the Singspiel; opera with spoken dialogue. That is how the Moody-Manners company played it—a much better plan than that of having the impossible words set to very dry recitative. The main fault of the music is the inordinate length of the ballads. In the English opera of the period the Mozart aria had disappeared; the public would have nothing but ballads of several verses, with one to spare for an encore. On 1 August I could have done with one verse in every instance, and no encore. Besides, Wallace worked to death the Early Victorian mood of mild sentimental regret. The words of "The Harp in the Air", suggesting a musical monoplane, and "Scenes that are Brightest" and many another song, would have killed the opera but for the prettiness and often the genuine expressiveness of the music. The work is full of independent part-writing of a sort not to be found in Donizetti, Bellini, or Balfe; the scoring throughout is piquant, and the harmonies are free from the puerility of those employed by the other com-

posers. In the choruses there is a sweep and rush also absent from their work. But Wallace's main fault is that he could not *continue*. The sweep is got by mechanical motion; it is not inherent in the music. One often feels in the songs that in one phrase he has said all he had to say; the rest is simply added, does not grow inevitably out of the opening.

But with all its defects "Maritana" is a notable example of what can be achieved by a man of high talent, power of independent thought; and with just a touch of genius in a bad age amid uncongenial surroundings. With all the advantages enjoyed by the composers of to-day, will their work last as long as this unpretentious little opera of Wallace?

"LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA MER."

[As our correspondence columns and the recent celebrations in Guernsey show, a lively interest has been taken lately in Mr. Morley's review of Victor Hugo's "Les Travailleurs de la Mer", which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of April 7th, 1866. We have therefore decided to reprint the more striking passages. Of their eloquence and thought there can be no doubt. Especially do we ask our readers to consider the passages descriptive of Clubin's rock, and of "The Toad" from the "Légende des Siècles".—ED. S. R.]

RELIGION, Society, Nature—such are the three struggles which man has to carry on. . . . The mysterious difficulty of life springs from all the three. Man meets with hindrance in his life in the shape of superstition, in the shape of prejudice, and in the shape of element. A triple fatality (*Ananké*) oppresses us, the fatality of dogmas, of laws, of things. . . . With these three which thus enfold man there mingle that inner fatality, the supreme *Ananké*, the human heart." As in "Notre Dame de Paris" we see the working of the first of these contests, and in "Les Misérables" the resistless pressure of the second, in "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" we are asked to watch man contending with external nature and then crushed by the supreme fatality of all, the irresistible *Ananké* in the heart of man. The story which illustrates this tremendous strife has that simplicity and that perfect finish which only the powerful hand of a master can compass. A fisherman encounters all the fury and caprice and treachery of outer nature in order to win a woman whom, on his return, he finds to have, unconsciously but irrecoverably, lost her heart to another. But this plainest of stories is worked into genuine tragedy by an exercise of poetic power which, in some portions at least of its display, has very rarely been surpassed in literature. . . .

The subject is the most suitable for his own genius that he [Hugo] has ever chosen. . . . The terrors of the waves may well be called inexorable, and in them, therefore, the poet finds a more appropriate theme than was afforded by the evils of society, which for their cure or right understanding demand not the poetic but the scientific mind. We may discern the greater fitness of the present subject for Victor Hugo's genius in the more perfect truthfulness of the man who contends with the Fatality of Nature. Jean Valjean, who had to contend with the Fatality of Laws, was thoroughly artificial. His virtue and perseverance and patience were in a manner overdone. His character was created for a purpose, and the presence of this purpose could not be concealed. The good Bishop was just as artificial. Gilliatt, on the contrary, is very carefully and elaborately drawn, but all his traits are simple and natural. He is surrounded with no unreal halo, though he is remote enough from commonplace. "He was only a poor man, who knew how to read and write; most likely he stood on the limit which divides the dreamer from the thinker. The thinker wills, the dreamer is passive. . . . The obscurity in which his mind was wrapped consisted in pretty nearly equal parts of two elements, both dimly visible but very unlike; in his own breast ignorance, infirmity; outside himself mystery, immensity." "Solitude makes either a genius or an idiot. Gilliatt presented himself under

both aspects. Sometimes he had that astonished air I have mentioned, and you might have taken him for a brute; at other moments he had in his eye a glance of indescribable profundity." A very superficial critic might say that Gilliatt is only Jean Valjean in another dress. In reality there is only the resemblance between them that is inevitable between two characters, each of whom is more or less shunned by his fellows, and each of whom is engaged in deadly struggle with one of the three forms of what the author calls *Ananké*. At bottom, however, they are two quite distinct conceptions. Gilliatt is the more satisfactory of the two, because to draw a man with great muscular strength, and great ingenuity and great patience of the mechanical order, is easier, and less likely to tempt the artist into what is fantastic and artificial, than the conception of a victim of a supposed social injustice which is no injustice at all. This advantage of having a simpler plot, a more natural set of circumstances, and, above all, of having nothing to prove, is conspicuous all through. It leaves the author free to work out each of his characters completely, free to paint what is the main subject of his work with an undivided energy and enthusiasm. Perhaps, though, in one way this tells against him. The stupendous force of the descriptions of Nature and her works and laws—the theme of the book—is so overpowering that the incidents of the story and the interests of the people in it seem petty by comparison. There is probably a design in this disproportion. The vastness of the unmeasured forces which labour and rage in the universe outside the minds of mortals is what the self-importance of mortals pleasingly blinds them to. It is the eye of the poet which discerns this, and through nearly every page of Victor Hugo's story we hear, as a ceaseless refrain to the loves and aspirations and toils of his good men and his knaves alike, the swirling of the sea-winds and "the far-reaching murmur of the deep".

The grandeur of the long episode of Gilliatt recovering the machinery of the steamboat from the terrific rock may make us forget the singular power of the earlier scene at the same spot, where Sieur Clubin found himself, "in the midst of the fog and the waters, far from every human sound, left for dead, alone with the sea which was rising, and the night which was approaching, and filled with a profound joy". The analysis of this joy of the scoundrel and hypocrite at finding himself free to enjoy the fruits of his scoundrelism, and to throw aside the burdensome mask of his hypocrisy, is powerful to a degree which makes one smile at the lavishness with which credit for power is so constantly given to novelists and poets. The dramatic force of the situation, the appalling mistake which the scoundrel has made, the sanguineness and shiftiness with which, like all hypocrites, he seeks to repair it, the swift and amazing vengeance which overtakes him, has perhaps never been surpassed. And the horror is not theatrical or artificial. The spot is brought vividly before us by no tricks, but by genuine imaginative power. The rock on which Clubin has, against his intention, driven the steamboat is a block of granite, brutal and hideous to behold, offering only the stern inhospitable shelter of an abyss. At its foot, far below the water, are caverns and mazes of dim passages. "Here monstrous species propagate, here they destroy one another. Crabs eat the fish and are themselves eaten. Fearful shapes, made to be seen by no human eye, roam in this dim light, living their lives. Vague outlines of open jaws, antennæ, scales, fins, claws, are there floating about, trembling, growing, decomposing, vanishing, in the sinister clearness of the wave. . . . To look into the depth of the sea is to behold the imagination of the Unknown on its terrible side. The gulf is like night. There, too, is a slumber, a seeming slumber, of the conscience of creation. There, in full security, are accomplished the crimes of the irresponsible. There, in a baleful peace, the embryos of life, almost phantoms, altogether demons, are busy at the fell occupations of the gloom." The minute yet profoundly poetic description of the

most terrible of these monsters in a succeeding part of the book is one which nobody who has once read it can forget, any more than the horrors of the Inferno of Dante can be forgotten. The *pieuve* at one extremity of the chain of existence "almost proves a Satan at the other". "Optimism, which is true for all that, almost loses countenance before it. . . . Every malignant creature, like every perverse intelligence, is a sphinx, propounding the terrible riddle, the riddle of evil." What is their law? "All created beings return one into another. *Pourriture c'est nourriture*. Frightful purifying of the globe. Man, too, carnivorous man, is a satyr. Our life is made of death. Such is the terrifying law. 'We are sepulchres.' But we are not quite left here. 'Mais tâchons que la mort nous soit progrès. Aspirons aux mondes moins ténébreux. Suivons la conscience qui nous y mène. Car, ne l'oublions jamais, le mieux n'est trouvé que par le meilleur.'"

It will be seen from this that Victor Hugo is not affected by the sea as other poets have been. Of course nobody expected to find him talking silly nonsense about its moaning over the harbour-bar while men must work and women must weep, or reducing the sea and the winds to the common drawing-room measure of polished sentimental prettiness. Here, as elsewhere, the terrible side of Nature is that which has most attraction for him. Only here he seems to have been unusually insensible to the existence of her other aspect. Take the well-known picture of "The Toad" in the "Légende des Siècles". The hideous creature is squatting in the road on a summer evening, enjoying himself after his humble fashion. Some boys pass by, and amuse themselves by digging out its eyes, striking off its limbs, making holes in it. The wretched toad tries feebly to crawl away into the ditch. Its tormentors see an ass coming on drawing a cart, so, with a scream of delight, they bethink themselves to put the toad in the rut, where it will be crushed by the wheel of the cart. The ass is weary with his day's work and his burden, and sore with the blows of his master, who even then is cursing and bethwacking him. But the ass turns his gentle eye upon the rut, sees the torn and bleeding toad, and with a painful effort drags his cart off the track. The whole picture gives one a heartache, but the gentleness of the ass is the single touch which makes the thought of so much horror endurable. In the "Toilers of the Sea" we almost miss this single touch. Watching the sea year after year in the land of his exile, Victor Hugo has seen in it nothing but sternness and cruelty. He finds it only the representative of the relentless Fatality of Nature which man is constantly occupied in combating and wrestling with. It is so real, so tragically effective, that such a reflection as that "Time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow" must seem the merest mimicry of poetic sentiment. The attitude which he has before assumed towards society he also takes towards external Nature. To Keats Nature presented herself as a being whom even the monsters loved and followed, a goddess with white and smooth limbs, and deep breasts, teeming with fruit and oil and corn and flowers. Compared with the sensuous passion of Keats the feeling of Wordsworth for Nature was an austere and distant reverence. He found in her little more than a storehouse of emblems for the better side of men. Victor Hugo is impressed by Nature, not as a goddess to be sensuously clasped, not as some remote and pure spirit, shining cold yet benign upon men, but as man's cruel and implacable foe. Other poets have loved to make her anthropomorphic, and to invest her with the moral attributes of mortals. He holds with no such personification of Nature as a whole. Nature to him is little more than a chaos of furious and warring forces. The prolonged and sublime description of the storm at the beginning of the third volume is what nobody but Victor Hugo could have conceived, because nobody else is so penetrated with a sense of the fierce eternal conflict which to him is all that Nature means. Take the tramp of the legion of

the winds, for instance :—"In the solitudes of space they drive the great ships; without a truce, by day and by night, in every season, at the tropic and at the pole, with the deadly blast of their trumpet, sweeping through the thickets of the clouds and billows, they pursue their black chase of the ships. They have fierce hounds for their slaves. They make sport for themselves. Among the waters and the rocks they set their hounds to bark. They mould the clouds together, and they rive them in sunder. As with a million hands they knead the boundless supple waters. . . ."

It has been said that the sublime picture of the storm—and the variety and movement in the picture are among its most splendid characteristics—makes us indifferent to the conclusion of the story. The truth is, that but for this the conclusion would be absurdly weak and unintelligible. It is the long exile of Gilliatt on the fierce rock in the isolation of the sea, his appalling struggles with all the forces of Nature in temporary alliance against him, which make the very gist and force of the final tragedy, the supreme Fatality. It is because we have seen him in the presence of the raging troop of the winds, and battling with the storm of waters, that we feel the weight of the blow which at last crushes him. But for this the whole story would be a piece of nonsensical sentimentality. It is this grand *épopeia* which raises what might otherwise have been a mere idyl into a lofty tragedy. "Solitude had wrapped itself round him. A thousand menaces at once had been upon him with clenched hands. The wind was there, ready to blow; the sea was there, ready to roar. Impossible to gag the mouth of the wind; impossible to tear out the fangs from the jaws of the sea. Still he had striven; man as he was, he had fought hand to hand with the ocean and wrestled with the tempest." Meanwhile the object to attain which he was waging his fearful war had been slowly removing itself from his reach, and when he returned he returned to find it irrecoverably vanished.

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND.

MY sea-winds I gather, my fields I fill
With life-giving roots and grain.
My sons I unite for my greatest fight
My dream and desire to gain.

My land I have clothed in its fairest garb,
Corn-yellow and green and blue.
I arise in my pride, once more to decide
In the conflict of false and true.

I summon to battle from plain and hill
From woodland and fen and dale,
From my reeking towns and greyhound downs
My men to be cast in the scale.

My flesh still quivers. The poisoned barb
By treacherous foe is flung.
I have plucked it out; my children shout
Of the vengeance to be wrung.

But I seek no vengeance, nor demand
An eye for an eye, nor tooth
For tooth. I desire to raise from the mire
My vision of peace and truth.

I have cleansed the seas, and have opened them
To traffic of many ships:
I would purge the land with the same firm hand
To let peace know no eclipse.

My dreams are challenged. I make my stand.
My vision shall still prevail.
From my white tower I send my power
Arrayed in its proven mail.

No glory I covet, nor diadem,
Save honour and peace of soul,
But to see far-flung as my singers have sung
My Freedom from pole to pole.

GILBERT CANNAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HIGH BANK RATE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 August 1914.

SIR.—The difficulties of this country to-day can be considerably aggravated by a high Bank Rate. The recent increase in the Bank Rate was necessitated chiefly by the decline in the gold reserves of the banks, a decline that was again largely due to withdrawals for export abroad.

It is possible to avoid the necessity for so high a Bank Rate by permitting the Bank of England and all other banks to raise the paper price of gold in order to stave off the demand for the metal. This can easily be done by making the new £1 and 10s. notes now issued redeemable in gold at the market value of the metal—a weight of gold that will vary with the bullion market fluctuations. This act will dispel the fear of a sudden withdrawal of the banks' gold reserves, and remove the necessity for hindering the internal commerce of this country by so high a Bank Rate.

We have the experience of the Napoleonic wars to guide us. It is admitted by most economists that the Bank Restriction Act of 1797 entirely absolving the Bank of England from redeeming its notes in gold, conveyed undoubted benefits upon this country by supporting the fabric of home credit during the long years of the war. Production and exchange of goods at home were thus enabled to proceed with comparative smoothness, this circumstance contributing in no small degree to the obstinacy of Britain's resistance to Napoleon and her rapid recovery after the war. To refuse gold altogether to-day might conceivably cause hardship in certain cases; a better course would undoubtedly be to permit the paper price of gold to fluctuate according to demand and supply of bullion. Any bank that raises its price for gold above the market rate will be dealt with according as its customers judge the higher price either to be warranted by the outlook or to be due to the unwise conduct of the bank. This measure will protect the gold of the banks and enable them to effect the country's internal exchange of goods with far more confidence than is at present possible. If any persons want gold rather than paper in our present trouble, it is but just that they should pay the market price for the metal. There should be no talk of depreciated paper in these circumstances—it would simply mean that the available stock of gold had diminished and consequently the price of bullion had increased.

We have a huge population dependent upon the due exchange of goods at home. The stoppage of home exchange is likely to bring us to our knees sooner than the guns of stronger enemies than we are faced with to-day, and it is advisable to adopt all possible measures to support and facilitate home credit. Foremost among these, I think, is the keeping down of the Bank Rate by the measure above suggested.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

HENRY MEULEN

(Hon. Sec. Banking and Currency Reform League).
[Since this letter was written, the Bank Rate has been reduced from 10 to 5 per cent.—ED. S.R.]

"THE CRIME OF GERMANY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 August 1914.

SIR.—I was greatly pleased to notice that in the above article things were called by their right names and no nonsense about it. On the strength of it, and thinking some of your readers may not have seen "New Letters from an Idle Man", I send the following extract from one of the letters written as far back as 1890, but which seems to fit in with present difficulties. It runs thus: "The Italian newspapers, by the way, exhibit ill-concealed woe over the dismissal of Bismarck. It is prodigious—the influence of a personality like that. While Bismarck was in power the peoples of Europe rested tranquil. Now that he is dismissed, there is a gloomy uncertainty on all men's minds. Italy is quivering from the Alps to the sea as if conscious that something awful may occur at any moment. And I

must say it does seem 'rubbing it in', as it were, that one pesty little pig-headed creature in Berlin should hold in his hands the lives and fortunes of the countless millions of Europe." And so this nightmare is over twenty years old; let us tear ourselves away from such a bondage, even though we die!

Yours faithfully,
M. P. D.

OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Kilda, 22 Baxter Avenue,

Southend-on-Sea,

9 August 1914.

SIR,—I have read Miss Alice E. Langmore's letter in yesterday's SATURDAY REVIEW with a great deal of interest. I cordially agree with Miss Langmore "that the women of the nation when in doubt as to a career cannot do better than take up agriculture".

It is healthy work and should prove remunerative to themselves and the nation in a great degree!

Your readers know that in spite of our foreign supplies for some years past foodstuffs have been, except for the rich, at almost famine prices, and undoubtedly has been at the foundation of much of the discontent amongst the working classes.

The maximum output of foodstuffs in the nation would assure us: First, a marvellously increased power to defend our Empire at home and abroad; Secondly, the cheapening of our food supply, assuring to the people a contentment which would make for the peace (industrial), prosperity, and happiness of us all, in which landowners, farmers, and labourers would participate.

I urge, by the courtesy of the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, all landowners, farmers, and agriculturists in general, to lose no time in getting in the harvest this year; and after it is gathered in to commence preparing the land at once for the next crops. All so-called "waste" land should be as soon as practicable and possible cropped with vegetables, for no man can say when the war will end, or what our need may be ere it be over.

I have very little space in this letter to deal with Sir Arthur Cotton's system of "Deep Cultivation". Concisely, it consists in ploughing and digging the soil deeply, and supplying a sufficient quantity of good farmyard manure; and in deeply hoeing between the crops, thus aerating the soil and attracting the nitrogen from the atmosphere. Sir Arthur held that the plant was best supplied with its nitrogen in this way. I suppose it is, after all, only a modern adaptation of the old proverb: "Dig deep, for the gold lies there".

Trenching ground, till one gets used to it, I know, is backaching work, but it is very healthy labour, and will give one a splendid appetite and a perfectly beautiful liver! The steam or electric plough is for the use of farmers, of course.

In times of drought deep cultivation is the salvation of both farmers and market gardeners. When space permits I will let Sir Arthur Cotton speak for himself.

To aid in getting this year's harvest in I wrote to the President of the Local Government Board on the 6th inst., pointing out to him that on page 103 of the Board's annual report for year 1912-13 we read there were "120,217 ordinarily able-bodied men and women paupers", and suggesting to Mr. Samuel that all these able-bodied men and women paupers, if in good health, should either assist their country in its hour of need as soldiers, sailors, nurses, camp-followers, etc., or should assist farmers in getting in the harvest, and afterwards at once assist in preparing the land for the next crops. The Local Government Board simply wrote that "my letter had been received".

Yours truly,
H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
178, St. Stephen's House, Victoria Embankment,

12 August 1914.

SIR,—Those of your readers who desire to act on the advice contained in Mr. Wake Cook's most interesting and valuable letter, may be glad to have their attention called to "Aids to Fitness", which would greatly facilitate their task. This sheet, a copy of which was accepted by Her Majesty the Queen with her "warm thanks", was issued by the Schools Committee of the Association after the First Guildhall School Conference, and has proved scarcely less helpful to adults than to children. Professor Irving Fisher, in whose judgment "the mouth is the gateway to health", writes "I was greatly interested to see this and think it ought to do much good", while Mr. Horace Fletcher who, like the Professor, is a Vice-President, has also formed a favourable opinion of it. "Aids to Fitness" contains suggestions not only as to how to eat, but when to eat and what to eat. On the receipt of two penny stamps I shall be happy to send a copy, together with a list of publications, including two little books of recipes and hints on cookery, which have already helped thousands of the middle and upper classes to reduce their expenditure on food while at the same time securing increased variety, more scientific cookery and improved health. A list of books stocked, including several by Mr. Horace Fletcher and Professor Irving Fisher, can be had on application.

Yours, etc.,
CHAS. E. HECHT.

OVER-FEEDING OUR PRISONERS OF WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20, Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W.

SIR,—The scale of daily rations for prisoners of war, approved by the authorities, has been published, and it shows the need of a truer standard. The quantities are excessive and will cause a double waste: physiologically wasted on the prisoners, and culpably wasted when it is needed for the poor, whom we shall have to feed, and who cannot get such diet at the best of times.

As a paragraph of fact is worth a volume of theory, I place side by side the quantities I *over-eat* myself on, and the quantities to be given to our enemies whom we hold as prisoners. I am of medium height, very strong, weigh 11 stone (six pounds more than I ought), am 70 years of age, yet have to take violent exercise, such as skipping, running—especially up stairs—shadow-fighting, walking, etc., to work off the superfluous food; I am much better when I only take two light meals a day. The quantity for the prisoners would incapacitate me for work in two days, and kill me in a fortnight!

FOR THE PRISONERS.

MY OWN AVERAGE.

Bread, 1 lb.	6 oz.
Fresh meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	2 oz.
Cheese, 3 oz.	1 oz.
Jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Fresh vegetables, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	5 oz. vegetables and fruit.
Milk, none.	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint.

I have omitted minor items. Allowing 3 oz. solids to represent approximately the food value of the milk my more than sufficient food is 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., while that for the prisoners is 43 oz. If they have nothing to do but smoke the tobacco allowed them, my scale would suffice for the biggest of them; if they do hard physical labour they might need a little more. Such a double waste at such a time is greatly to be deplored. We should be just to ourselves before we are over-generous to our enemies.

Yours faithfully,
E. WAKE COOK.

THE LOAFERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lyceum Club, 128 Piccadilly, W.,

9 August 1914.

SIR,—I am most unwilling to make any addition to the troubles which now beset those in authority but may I

just suggest that something be done to remove the crowds of idle men from the streets and the public houses?

It is a danger and may become difficult if left alone.

Yours, etc.,

ADA SHURMER.

MAN AND NATURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 August 1914.

SIR.—At this time of brass and iron and of the attempt of sheer barbarism in the form of Germany to bash and trample out with its bloody hoof every sentiment that raises men, it may seem to many people absurd to attend to such a tiny trifle as the song of a bird. Nevertheless, years ago Mr. Warde Forster showed in a charming story how, by vivid contrast and contradiction, the bird may enter quite naturally into the battle scene—many of his readers, I daresay, will recall the incident of the young English soldier in Belgium lighting on the skylark's nest the morning after Waterloo. That was in June whilst the skylarks in Belgium were still singing and nesting; but perhaps they have been coming into snatches of song again in Belgium, even during the fights at Liège; for the cool and the rain of the last few days in England have once more brought some of our familiar birds into song and doubtless it has done so across the Channel. For example, when one woke up, not long after full light, this morning to thoughts of Liège and its battlefields, the first sound that slid into the ear was the lovely little dancing ditty of the wren; and doubtless every morning now the wren and the redbreast will be singing once again before and at full light; it is their wont at this season of the year. Nature is so utterly unconscious of all the fates and forces that are driving men. There is no reason why the lark should not sing joyously over Liège. Poets have sometimes tried to work nature into the human plot and story; but we know, if we have thought and felt about the thing at all, that nature and man belong to different universes; no possible connection or approach between them.

Yours faithfully,

A STUDENT OF BATTLES AND OF BIRDS.

NATURE NOTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
94, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

10 August 1914.

SIR.—In your issue of August 1 "Sportsman" considers the "charming" of its victims by the stoat as "one of the strangest and most sinister facts in wild nature". On first thoughts this will probably be the verdict of everyone. But when the mind familiarises itself with the actual facts of living nature, the power possessed by the stoat will be revealed, not as an anomaly, but as the logical development of a natural force possessed by every creature without exception that breathes and moves. To start with, we need go no further than the domestic hearth, or at any rate the palings of the back yard. There one can frequently witness to perfection a struggle between two forces of exactly the same nature as the power displayed by the stoat. Eyes are exerting themselves to the utmost before the claws and mouth are brought on the field of action. Frequently, one of the combatants will be seen to lower its head in token of defeat, when the victor will not condescend, as a general rule, to resort to "brute force", well knowing that it is no longer necessary, inasmuch as the battle has been fought and won.

The first law of nature, wild and civilised, is self-preservation. However delicately it is veiled in the human race, it is there—to come to the surface at an extremity. This is of universal application to individuals and nations. When "Sportsman" takes the young stoat to task for displaying a strange and sinister power in the elementary fact of self-preservation, I am inclined to differ, and to consider the stoat in another light—that of a living organism highly evolved along natural lines, and displaying a power which is the theme of poetry and romance—a power which is the most highly developed weapon both for attack and defence.

In the electric eel we see the power at its height—the ability completely to paralyse its prey at a distance. A full-grown *gymnotus* is able to stun a big animal like a horse. There are several species of fish capable of giving a violent shock. Reptiles display the same power to a certain extent. A bird is fairly easily caught by a snake.

On consideration, therefore, our smart little friend the stoat cannot be allowed to be a singular phenomenon in nature.

Can this power be explained in a scientific manner? Quite easily.

The living organism is the seat of incessant chemical action which is one means of generating electricity. Though there are many points in which nerve energy differs from electricity in its laws of action, still there are many points in which the former corresponds to the latter. A certain potential (concentration) of nerve energy acts upon another potential very much as a definite amount of electricity acts and reacts upon another amount. The stoat is positive and the rabbit negative. As to the young stoat possessing the power at an early stage—that is the very thing one would expect from the laws of heredity. The stoat, like the poet, is born, not made. The instinct of the power is within him from his very birth, handed down from generation to generation, and increasing by practice.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

VICTOR HUGO AND THE SEA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
New University Club,

9 August 1914.

SIR.—I think Mr. Sadler has rather missed the point of Victor Hugo's fine poem, "La Source," in citing it as an example of the influence of the sea on his poetry. The poem is a parable, presumably of the relation of the sexes (especially in times of stress), and the description of the sea is wholly subordinate to the philosophic idea. Perhaps a more faithful translation than that given by Mr. Sadler will bring this out in English, and I offer one, as follows:—

LA SOURCE.

La Source tombait du rocher
Goutte à goutte à la mer affreuse;
L'Ocean fatal au nocher
Lui dit :—Que me veut-tu, pleureuse?
Je suis la tempête et l'effroi;
Je finis où la ciel commence.
Est-ce-que j'ai besoin de toi,
Petite, moi qui suis l'immense?
La source dit au gouffre amer :
Je le donne sans bruit ni gloire
Ce qui te manque, O vaste mer!
Une goutte d'eau qu'on peut boire!

Translation.

A spring was falling from the rock,
Drop by drop to the dreadful sea;
Said the wave, rolling to the shock,
"What wantst thou, crying thing, with me?"

"I am the tempest, I am fear,
I finish where begins the sky;
Of thee, th' immense without a peer,
Poor little one, what need have I?"

To the salt gulf the spring replied :
"What none may gather at thy brink
I give with neither noise nor pride,
A drop of water fit to drink."

The third line of the first stanza is, I admit, a change of imagery; but "the Ocean", as a personification, following "the sea" is not good in English; also I could not find a suitable rhyme.

Yours faithfully,

E. G. HARMAN.

The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

THE WEALTH OF LANGUAGE.

"Essays." By Alice Meynell. Collected Edition. Burns and Oates. 5s. net.

A VOLUME of essays—essays for the most part gleaned and garnered from other volumes—has a spirit difficult to capture. It reveals so many phases of the writer's mind; it shows but a glancing over a score or more of subjects. The few pages of print in which each idea is given expression represent, after all, but a little, though it be the essence, of someone's thought and reading. In the background seems to stand a great pile of unused material. Had we the chance, or right, to explore there we might find roots of ideas as well as the mere branches and twigs which have been lopped off as cumbersome and useless to the slender elegance of the parent stems. But, from what we are allowed to see, is it possible to impound that spirit which has moved the essayist not in this or that fragment of writing but constantly, if unconsciously, and in every one of them? To answer "Yes" to this question may be only making a vain boast, yet, in the case of Mrs. Meynell's book at least, we are hopeful. For the time we wish to turn rather to the manner of her essays than to the matter with which they deal. The first and strongest impression left by her book is of love of language.

Words to her are "intelligible stars". She has a passion for the "mot juste". There are three of her essays—"Anima Pellegrina", "The Little Language", and "A Counterchange"—where she gives open expression to the joy she finds in the beauties of languages, and particularly in her own proudly held heritage of English. At sundry stages in the history of literature something almost like contempt has been expressed for the mere tokens by which we exchange ideas. Mme. de Staél's saying that there can be no beauty of form apart from the thought expressed has been seized for perversions by every anarchist in letters, with what resulting horrors we know only too well. It is surely unnecessary to say here that Mrs. Meynell is no trifler with parts of speech. Words are clearly in the service of her mind, but it is her delight to choose them well and to use them aright.

Any English writer may be thankful in reading the essay on "Composure", where Mrs. Meynell has shown something of her own sense of the opportunities and privileges that lie in the handling of our language. We draw freely from two great sources. The Teutonic and the Latin are ours to use to an extent unparalleled in foreign speech, and it is the essayist's contention that we must abate not one of our rights to command them for their several purposes. The purist who asks for Anglo-Saxon at every turn is confounded by Shakespeare's English, and his own syllables must halt or trip him. It only remains to remember that the Latin elements are here to take us out of ourselves. To speak of the crowd is to bring to mind something common, perhaps unclean; but our idea of multitude is one of quiet awe. "Crowd" and "multitude" may stand, then, as symbols of the two sources of our speech. The Latin is too remote, too composed, for the streets, too aloof also for the secrets of our hearths, where the mind is subjected to the heart. And here we come to think, as Mrs. Meynell has thought, of our dialects—those incomplete languages which can convey so incomparably well the most intimate of all the messages we have to speak. Here we have something to envy the Italians. The patois of Genoa or Venice is precious in its secrecy for homely confidence, and there is nothing in the whole wide sweep of literary English that can quite make up for the absence of some such house of rest. We talk and write, or attempt to write, according to a standard, and nothing must betray whether we come from Cornwall or Caithness. This, of course, is necessary for great affairs, but are we not missing something if we allow dialect to perish entirely—ought it not to be preserved as a secondary tongue

to fulfil a definite purpose? Burns and Barnes remind us of its extraordinary value as a means of literary expression as well as of its tender charm, yet their Doric is passing among the dead languages, and, with the mass of the people at least, but a poor apology for English is taking its place. No doubt village words, many of them racy of the soil, delightful and excellent as English, still linger here and there. The correspondence columns of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, for example, have for months past contained specimens sent from people in all parts of the country and even from abroad, whilst other letters on the subject have been received by the "Saturday" and not printed. Yet not the less is it sure that precious dialect is passing away more and more every year, and is often replaced by hateful cockneyisms and the rubbish of speech which often passes for fine English. Little is left to us but the children's dialect and that of lovers, and perhaps, as Mrs. Meynell says, the two are essentially the same.

THE WAR IN THE AIR.

"Aircraft in War." By T. M. Spaight. Macmillan. 6s. net.

THIS book was issued to a world at peace. Its author could not foresee its terrible pertinence. It tells us exactly what is the law—or, rather, what is not the law—for nations at battle in the air. It has an intense and an immediate interest. Who has not wondered what, by the laws of war and the nations, will be the probable use and conduct of the airship and the aeroplane in these coming weeks? In this short treatise these questions are answered, so far as an answer can be made, by an author well acquainted with the regulations of international warfare—an author, moreover, who writes with clear brevity and unclouded sense.

When first the new arm had power to strike, international jurists were inclined to regret that the air had become a battlefield. They were even inclined to decree a total prohibition of the use of aircraft in war. This, like the Chevalier Bayard's denouncing of the musket, could not seriously be taken. Nations, within the limits of humanity, must fight with all their strength. It would be absurd to condemn a weapon simply because it happened to be effective. If we could agree to forego the aeroplane and the airship we could also agree to forego the battleship and the gun. International jurists, in considering what weapons in war are humanely lawful, have not only to do with their effectiveness, however terrible for combatants the results of that effectiveness may be. They have to consider, not whether a weapon is cruel—for every weapon is cruel. They have to consider whether it is *unnecessarily* cruel—that is to say, whether the cruelty of the weapon is out of all proportion to its value in battle. If it is obvious that a weapon of war inflicts hideous suffering, and that it is really no more effective than another weapon which does equal damage to the enemy, clearly that weapon is condemned by humanity and the law of nations; any civilised country that uses it is under a stigma. Thus the St. Petersburg Declaration of 1864 against explosive bullets, and the Hague Declarations against expanding bullets, are clearly justifiable. The devices here condemned are *unnecessarily* cruel. They inflict terrible suffering, and they are not effective enough to justify this terrible suffering. Success or failure in a campaign could never depend on their use. The country, therefore, which used these devices, after they have been expressly condemned in a discussion of the civilised Powers, would be justly infamous. These considerations do not, however, apply to aerial craft. The use of aerial craft may turn the fate of a campaign. Few wars in history would not have been profoundly modified—many would have had their issue entirely reversed—if the commanders been able with aerial craft to observe the dispositions of the enemy or to harass the enemy's advance from the air. Aircraft as

a weapon may be cruel; but they are not *unnecessarily* cruel.

The jurists who would forbid the use of aircraft have already been put out of court. No nation would now regard them. But the question remains as to how their use should be regulated. The present war has broken out before any detailed code has been put together. But general conclusions have been reached by international jurists, and several codes have been tentatively offered by jurists of repute. Mr. Spaight himself offers a code in this present thesis into whose details we cannot go. But we are well content to follow him in his analysis of the principles involved. These principles are really all that any nation has at this time for a guide. Only one important Declaration exists on paper—the Declaration of the Peace Conference of 1907; and to this Declaration, binding only on signatories at war with signatories, four of the Powers now engaged are not parties. Each nation will therefore have to be guided by common sense and humanity in the use of aerial craft. There is virtually no law at all.

Common sense and humanity alike require that aerial craft should be used for reconnaissance. The only possible humane principle of warfare is to win as quickly and effectually as possible by methods not unnecessarily cruel. This proposition easily covers the aerial operations of scouting, bearing despatches, inspecting fortifications, and keeping the enemy under observation. It equally covers the right of the enemy's forces to hinder these operations; that is to say, it covers their right to shoot and shell the airmen who is so actively working for their own destruction. We will go a step further. Does common sense and humanity forbid an airmen under fire from the enemy's guns to retort in self-defence? Surely he must be allowed to fight for his life. Again, is not an enemy under the observation of an airmen to be permitted to send up his own airmen to drive him out of the air? In this event how can actual fighting in the air be avoided? We see that from the necessary admission of aerial craft for purposes of observation we arrive by sure logical degrees to their admission as active belligerents.

The difficulty of drawing a line between legitimate and illegitimate use of aircraft really begins when we come to consider raids upon areas undefended and largely inhabited by non-combatants. We cannot censure the use of aircraft to silence an enemy's guns or to check an enemy in the field. These, again, are *effective* military operations not unnecessarily cruel. But very different considerations rule when it comes to aircraft raiding defenceless territory and dropping explosives without discrimination. This last operation would not be covered by our formula. If a German Zeppelin were to drop bombs upon Finchley or Wimbledon it could have no decisive effect upon a campaign on the Belgian frontier. Mr. Spaight argues at length on the difficulty of legally defining an *undefended* area. Is London technically undefended? Is it undefended so long as one soldier remains in Chelsea, so long as one railway terminus is held for the dispatching men or stores, so long as one piece of armament is held in reserve? Is it, indeed, undefended so long as its citizens refuse to comply with the orders of any airmen who happens to fly into its atmosphere? We quite realise that legally these questions are not easily put on one side. They are difficult legally, but in the broad rough way of sense they are not. We are sure that any Power would be reprobated by the common sense of mankind which deliberately set out to wreck the cities of Europe from the air. The cruelty of such an operation would bear no reasonable ratio to its effectiveness. The time may come when war will have to be waged in that way; when it will be the only *effective* way. At present, however, these operations would only be sporadic, and in a military sense futile.

We now begin to see, in a general way, how the formula with which we began is likely to work. Those who would follow it into detail should study this little treatise of Mr. Spaight, and consider the admirable

logic of his code. As a last instance we may take the case of a besieging army and a city necessarily cut off from communicating with its friends outside. Suddenly an aeroplane is seen dropping from the clouds into the city. There is no time to challenge the pilot—to distinguish whether he is a neutral, whether he has blundered into the military field, or is bringing important information or armament. Clearly the besieging force must shoot. The whole of their campaign might otherwise be ruined and themselves destroyed. Mere sense requires that they should shoot, which is only another way of saying that in shooting they are justified by the yet unwritten code of civilised international law.

ART'S ENIGMA.

"The Art of Spiritual Harmony." By W. Kandinsky. Translated with an Introduction by M. T. B. Sadler. Illustrated. Constable. 6s. net.

INTELLIGENT review of this book is not easy; it is vague and confusing, sincere, occult and idealistic; philosophical, psychological and dogmatic. In much it seems to us soundly critical, in much unsound in its philosophy. Here and there it strikes the commonplace jeremiad note to contradict it later by more manly optimism. At times it irritates one, as Mr. Sadler prophesies, by its "verbosity". Mr. Sadler's introduction is a pleasant contribution to the literature dealing with Post-Cubic art. We, as confessed laymen, find ourselves a little at sea over the obviously marked distinctions that initiates find in these new movements. We gather, however, from this little work, that Cubism, Futurism, and neo-Primitivism which used, we think, to be Synthetism, are all misguided and imperfect creeds. What is likely to turn out the perfect thing, as far as Mr. Sadler and Herr Kandinsky may be true prophets, is an art of painting that will somehow become one with music. But why this shall be "the freedom of art" or preferable to the form that pictorial art has hitherto taken is not revealed.

On paper it seems to us arguable that a branch of painting might devote itself to an expression analogous to music. Colour by itself and form by itself are certainly potent to stir aesthetic emotion in us; flowers, butterflies' wings, shells, the silhouettes of mountains or foliage, and fine stained glass move us all. They thrill us as does music without any attempt at representation or copying; for one of humanity's fundamental characteristics is craving for and responsiveness to colour, pattern, and rhythmic line. But the question is this: Will artists ever evolve a sense of pattern that outstrips the forms and designs of Nature; will they ever be able, with the material at their disposal, to compete, as regards soul-moving colour, with flowers, skies, insects' wings, mist—in short, with light, the source of colour? Musicians are not on all fours with painters; they can express their souls, as it were, through an element of Nature; they ride the whirlwind; they have the molecules of air for instruments; they have, in our human sense, no rivals. But painters have not the ether waves as instruments; their vehicle of expression is earths and oil and vegetable juices. Nor has any man yet, not even Herr Kandinsky (whose headpieces make but mediocre forms) or Michelangelo, transcended Nature in the way of emotion-giving form. If the ensphering world were colourless and barren of form, if we knew nothing but the bleakness and the meanness of, say, a County Council schoolhouse or Wormwood Scrubs, then of course our whole rate of assessment would be different. A house painter with his pot of juicy green and Mr. Wyndham Lewis with his stripes and strips would be godlike miracles; we should receive them as the Aztecs received the fair-skinned Spaniards and their horses, in an ecstasy of awe.

Painting and sculpture, inevitably conditioned by humanity's need, gained their footing and still keep their place in virtue of unique qualities and power. Were they limited to colour and form, minus life expres-

sion, or rather life interpretation, we should have no use for them; Nature with her immeasurable advantages would simply make them valueless. But man has found in art something unique, something unparalleled outside in the great world. That something is humanity's reading of Nature, man's means of intercourse with the spiritual living content and human interest of outside things. The artist is the mediator and interpreter who makes accessible and intelligible to man not only the mysteries of human life but also those of an alien and indifferent world. In this way he is, as Herr Kandinsky says, a spiritual leader and revealer.

If conditions were wholly different, if man's needs were other than they have always been, art too would be a different thing. In Mars or Vulcan, for example, art might minister to needs undreamed by us. And if a race of painters here on earth devotes itself to seeking the abstract expression suggested in this book, we need not be dismayed. If eventually such an art gives us some new and otherwise unobtainable beauty our debt will be enormous. So far, however, the limitations of man's mind (can he invent or create outside experience?) and of his muddy pigments have placed him "nowhere in the running" with actual elemental form and light. On the other hand, his reading of the universe is far from complete: for the soul of man the significance of Nature seems inexhaustible and new born for every genius. Only minds themselves exhausted give way to despair.

EUCKEN; BERGSON AND JAMES.

"Collected Essays of Rudolf Eucken." Edited and Translated by Meyrick Booth. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

It is, perhaps, the chief credit of Rudolf Eucken that he, participating in a movement that broke out with such strange and independent uniformity in Bergson, James and himself, dismissed at once the mere perfumitoriness of thinking with which philosophy had for so long been occupied and attacked the only worthy object of thinking, Life. Each of these three thinkers, at first independently of each other, gave little heed to thinking as an end in itself, and treated thought as a mere handmaiden (and a very frail and insufficient handmaiden) to certain fundamental intuitions as to what Life might and should be. They went, in a word, outside the schools into the free air—of the streets, or, better, of the fields. We are now only beginning to perceive the extraordinary way in which all three men are complementary to each other: complementary not by influence, but by first intention; for in each case it is plain that each man's deliverance is a just expression of his temperament. There has probably been nothing like it in the history of thought. Each man is a reaction from the schools of philosophy with their terms and their problems that very rightly leave the healthy man cold; each man's work is, what all literature must finally be, a direct expression of his personality; and each man's thought is so precisely complementary to the thought of his fellows that it is almost impossible to examine one without turning to the others. But one thing that marked Eucken out from the other two is that, though his approach was as direct and as independent as theirs, he came, as they did not, using the language of the schools and with his mind hampered with many of their formulas. Bergson's pages are often pure poetry, and in that he is unlike any other philosopher, Plato excepted; whereas to read James is like talking with a man in the street, who is in such a hurry to deliver what he has to say that he jolts out a pithy slang expression at you because he knows that in another second a passer-by will obtrude himself between the two of you. But Eucken, even when dealing with Life with the same substantial directness, discusses it in terms that are reminiscent of logic-chopping. The subject may be the hurly-burly of strenuous living, and what makes living really worth while for us and for others; and it usually is, in one or

other of many possible relations; but we never forget the professor, the language and the ferule. At the risk of an anti-national bias we will say that this is probably because Rudolf Eucken is a German, with the German's usual display of learning and inclination for pedagogy.

We forget this, however, when Eucken is dealing with "The Meaning and Value of Life" or "The Life of the Spirit", though we are not so easily suffered to forget it when he is dealing with the more abstract subject of "The Truth of Religion". And we always forget it sooner or later when Eucken has time to warm to his subject—or to warm us to his subject, which comes to the same thing. When, however, he is dealing with a wide subject in a limited space, as usually happens when a man is writing an essay, then he is apt to treat his subject in an academic way; and, deeper still, he is apt to choose academic subjects. In "The Problem of Immortality", for example, in this volume of nineteen essays, he leaves us very little advanced. Strictly speaking, it is, for him, but part of another subject: the problem and nature of spiritual life. In that relation, taken in the stride of a major subject, he would be illuminating; whereas in a small essay, to figure in a limited space and with a limited and defined scope in the "Hibbert Journal", the interest never becomes central, which is to say that it always remains academic. That is even noticeable in the essay "In Defence of Morality", where, however, it is rather the use of the terminology that gives the sense of remoteness. Much of what he has to say in such essays as this, or "Philosophy and the Religious Movement of To-day" or "Against Pessimism", is implicit, and because implicit more potent, in his other books, where they are taken in the stride, as we have already put it, of a subject more fundamentally interesting to him, and therefore to us. To employ his own rather clumsy phraseology, in his other books these themes are drawn into the Activistic flow, whereas here they are aloof and academic. This does not mean that their interest is less to the student of Eucken; but it certainly does mean that their interest is very considerably less to those whose time is limited and who wish to get at the kernel of Eucken's teaching, and who might foolishly think that this is to be discovered conveniently in a collection of essays. Such readers were best warned away. These essays are the chips from the workshop: the task with which the workshop was occupied is to be found elsewhere. Nevertheless, for those who have seen that work, and who know and understand it, these chips are profoundly interesting and illuminating. They explain more fully many things that need first to be understood in their major relation. And, beside these, are to be found several essays where Professor Eucken is to be seen in relaxation; as, for example, the essays where he examines the "Metaphors and Similes in Kant's Philosophy", or "Bayle and Kant", or "Goethe in his Relation to Philosophy". Another department is occupied by the publicist that every public man must needs become sooner or later: as when he discusses "The Inner Movement of Modern Life" or "Are the Germans still Thinkers?" or the penetrating essay on "The Reflection of the Age in its Concepts". Throughout the volume he is more difficult to read than in his other books; and, as we have said, the other books range first in the line of approach; but to those who know their Eucken there are admirable things to be found in this volume.

LATEST BOOKS.

"Alfred in the Chronicles." By Edward Conybeare. Cambridge: Hefter. 4s. 6d. net.

When Voltaire wrote that he did not know of one more deserving of the respect of posterity than Alfred the Great his panegyric was all that Englishmen have felt but have been slow to utter. It is significant that the Arthurian myth should take substance in an epic, while the Teutonic king, historic, heroic, apotheosised, should never have lived in verse. He has gone unnoticed by Chaucer, practically ignored by Spenser, unnamed by Shakespeare. It was left to a State poet of our

own day to rhyme him in genteel pentameters. The fabulous element, demanded by the epic poem, is not wanting here; only in Alfred's case legend has been singularly near the truth: it has done him no more than justice. Mr. Conybeare's business is with the historical Alfred. His new edition (the first appeared fifteen years ago) has profited by recent contributions to Alfredian biography as well as by the author's personal exploration of the Athelney and Edington district—the "Ethandune" of the histories. He has made new translation of the chronicles, and what light has been found in them has been focused upon his hero. The majority of the monkish historians were unblushing plagiarists and drew abundantly upon Aasser's "Deeds of Alfred" or the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle". The seemingly independent narrative which goes under the name of John of Brompton stands apart, and Simeon of Durham is worth reading for his pean over the breaking of the Danes at Ashdown. But Mr. Conybeare's introductory sketch would alone commend the book.

The Works of Stanley Houghton. Three vols. Constable. 25s. net.

Of this beautiful edition of the works of Stanley Houghton we shall speak again at length. But we can no longer delay, at any rate, to notice that it has appeared. It is part of Houghton's swift and striking career that his work should so soon be collected in an enduring and worthy form. Very suitably Mr. Harold Brighouse, Houghton's friend and a dramatist of the same derivation and temper, writes the introduction; and his view of Houghton will be considered at our leisure. That Houghton would have won free of the snares of his rapid popularity and become a dramatist of the front contemporary rank we have never doubted. He has justified Manchester, if Manchester is never justified again. The appearance of his plays in this formally complete and well-appointed edition is not in the least out of proportion to his merit and importance; and Messrs. Constable are to be heartily thanked for undertaking it.

"Methuen's Annual." Edited by E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 1s. net.

Every critic should read Ruskin's letter to Robert Browning, here printed for the first time. It is a letter in which Ruskin criticises "Popularity", the famous poem introducing Hobbs and Nobbs. It perfectly measures Ruskin's strength and weakness as a critic. His sensible, line-to-line analysis of the poem, an analysis in which Browning is brought to judgment in the name of grammar, literal intelligibility, and metrical form, exasperates one to the point of exclaiming that Ruskin was blind and deaf to all that mattered in literature. Then follows an estimate of Browning in gross, so just, so enthusiastic, and true that it not only redeems, but it rebukes, all that has gone before. How like the criticism of Ruskin! This letter is a valuable and absorbing document. Ruskin certainly measured Browning's greatness at a time when other critics were asking him to be comprehensible. "There is a stuff and fancy in your work", he writes, "which assuredly is in no living writer. . . . There are truths and depths in it far beyond anything I have read except Shakespeare. I cannot write in more enthusiastic praise—because I look at you every day as a monkey does at a cocoa-nut—having good faith in the milk—hearing it rattle indeed—inside—but quite beside myself for the fibres." The truth is that Ruskin had to recognise genius and to admire it, even though it broke all the laws that he administered and observed as a critic and a stylist. There is another letter in this volume of Browning himself, admitting us deep into the heart of that great man. It is addressed to an author who contemplated a life of Browning's wife—one of those who had "their paws in my very bowels". It is a noble letter, tempering indignation with forbearance and justice in a way that allows us to see the full spiritual stature of Robert Browning.

"Astronomy: Thresholds of Science." By Camille Flammarion. Constable. 2s. net.

This book is really what it means to be—a threshold upon which the least erudite may stand and look into the infinite. The first steps in astronomy are perhaps the most fascinating. For the first simple truths no hard formulae are required—only a clear head and an imagination pricked to receive wonders. In unskilful hands, of course, the beginnings of any science are dull and heavy. But this is the book of a master. It is a masterpiece of simplicity, beautiful in its economy of unnecessary hard terms, and beautiful in its continuous appeal and training of the fancy. It is a perfect book for young people; and, though it is talk for children, it will surely be preferred by oldsters who begin than the ordinary text-book. We hope to see many more of these "threshold" books. They are really wanted.

War Maps. We have received from Messrs. Stanford and from Messrs. G. W. Bacon several maps issued to help those who desire to follow the campaigns now opening on the frontiers of Europe. Messrs. Stanford's maps include an excellent map of

France, showing the whole line of the eastern frontier from sea to sea and the immediate theatre of war in Belgium. The scale of this map is extremely convenient (30 miles to the inch). It enables the eye to grasp the battlefield—a front of 300 miles—without losing the main plan in excess of detail. The companion to this map is a more detailed map of the Netherlands (12 miles to the inch). Messrs. Stanford publish another map showing as much of Europe to the east of the French frontier as will be required to follow any conceivable military movement of the future.

Messrs. Bacon send us two maps, one presenting Eastern France and the Netherlands (20 miles to the inch) and a map which includes the whole of belligerent Europe. This last is excellent for measuring at a glance the relative size of areas affected. The other map is clearly designed to hit this present moment of the war, serving the same purpose, in slightly greater detail, as Messrs. Stanford's map of France. Messrs. Stanford using a slightly smaller scale get in the whole of France, whereas Messrs. Bacon are content with the eastern frontier.

"A Miscellany." Liverpool: The University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

The debt of the modern university to John Macdonald Mackay is a heavy one. He is an active idealist. In the thirty years spent in the service of education at Liverpool not a few of the dreams of the man who was both thinker and builder have come true. This commemoration of his labours with its 180 signatories, its addresses, its academic and popular contributions, expresses the mind of a young University. In the medley of voices we listen with delight to Professor Walter Raleigh's appreciation of his friend—"a democrat and a patrician, after the Roman model": to the intimate Nocturne of Mr. Norman Wylde: to Mr. Cole's chapter on the Anatomical Museum: to an appreciation of the work of the Hague Conferences by Judge Thomas—a lawyer among the prophets. Of the verse we like best Mr. Oliver Elton's "Envoy". But "all the candles burnin' clear of these New Lichts" are here to light Professor Mackay in his passage from the Professorial Chair—for his forthcoming retirement is announced. Apart from considerations of literary merit, the purpose which has inspired the production of these Essays marks those that we have named *Primus inter pares*.

"The Church of England and Episcopacy." By A. J. Mason, D.D. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

"This ransacking of records about a succession of Orders, though it adds much to the lustre and beauty of the Church, yet it is not a thing incumbent on everybody to look much into, nor indeed possible for any to be satisfied about." So Gilbert Burnet rounded his investigations into the validity of Anglican Orders. Dr. Mason's industry in forging this catena of opinions on the origin and obligations of the English Episcopate calls for high praise. But the result does not satisfy. At its best the catena is an unreliable process; for the polemic value of these fragments—divorced from their proper contexts—is not the same to-day as it was yesterday. Nor can the catena claim to be impartial (the author of this one does not profess to be) which omits from its field a single opinion bearing upon its thesis. The impress left upon the reader of such a book would be not less perplexing than its bulk. Dr. Mason's verdict on the extracts which he has assembled is, of course, directed by his loyalty to the school for which he stands; but we cannot admit his claim that the book is a "contribution towards the solution of questions which the Kikuyu Conference has raised". Episcopacy is not jeopardised by the African episode. Whether of divine or human origin, this form of ecclesiastical polity has its feet square upon the ground. It has sustained some shrewd knocks. But it is an institution whose recognition in the Church by law established is as firm now as when an impatient sovereign proclaimed a truth—and broke up a Conference—with his "No bishop—no king"!

"History of the Church of England." By Henry Offley Wakeman. Rivingtons. 7s. 6d. net.

Canon Ollard's apology for his revision of Wakeman's English Church History is scarcely needed. The corrections and additions which appear as occasional footnotes are sufficiently slight to show that Mr. Wakeman's historical acumen has stood the test of nearly twenty years. A new chapter has been added by the editor, bringing the history of the English Church well up to date. Canon Ollard finds in the strained relations of Church and State a stimulus towards a growth of unity within the Church. He reviews the controversies of the present century, the increase of missionary activity, such features of Church life as the revival of communal life and the foundation of new theological colleges, and the creation of new Sees. The optimistic tone which is conspicuous throughout the chapter rises to its highest pitch as he surveys the dangers that still threaten.

ERRATUM.—Last week, in our review of "An Economic History of Russia," by James Mavor, we gave the publishing price as 3s. 6d.: this should have been 3s. 6d.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Martyr of Love: The Life of Louise de la Vallière (Claude Ferval).
Stanley Paul. 16s. net.

FICTION.

Unstable Ways (Rosalind Murray). Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.
Squibs and Crackers (W. H. Hosking). Simpkin. 1s. net.

HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Hutchinson's History of the Nations (Edited by Walter Hutchinson).
Vol. I. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.

Carchemish: Report on the Excavations at Djerabon on Behalf of the British Museum. Conducted by G. Leonard Woolley and T. E. Laurence. Part I. Introductory (D. G. Hogarth). British Museum. 15s. net.

Assyrian Sculptures in the British Museum: Reign of Ashur-Nair-Pal, 885-860 B.C. (Edited by E. A. Wallis Budge). British Museum. 25s. net.

Egyptian Sculptures in the British Museum (Edited by E. A. Wallis Budge). British Museum. 25s. net.

MAPS.

Stanford's War Maps.—I. Central and Eastern Europe, 5s. net; II. Holland and Belgium; III. France, with parts of the adjoining countries. 2s. 6d. net each. Stanford.

Bacon's War Maps.—Europe: Embracing all the countries involved; The Seat of War in North Sea, Belgium and Eastern France. Bacon. 1s. net each.

REPRINTS.

The Secret History of the Court of Berlin (Henry W. Fischer). Long. 1s. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Material for Précis-Writing (Compiled by H. A. Treble). Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Leaves from Three Ancient Qurâns, possibly Pre-Othmânî (Edited by Rev. Alphonse Mingana, D.D., and Agnes Smith Lewis). Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

VERSE.

Poems of Human Progress (James Harcourt West). Boston: The Tufts College Press. \$1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anthropological Report on Ibo-Speaking Peoples of Nigeria (North-cote W. Thomas). Part IV. Law and Custom; Part V. Addenda to Ibo-English Dictionary; Part VI. Proverbs, Stories, Tones in Ibo. Harrison.

Report of the International Commission to inquire into the Causes and Conduct of the Balkan Wars. Washington: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.—The Geographical Journal, 2s.; The American Historical Review, \$1; Wild Life, 2s. 6d. net; The Irish Review, 6d. net; The Library, 3s. net; United Empire, 1s. net.

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